

The TATLER

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March 20, 1940



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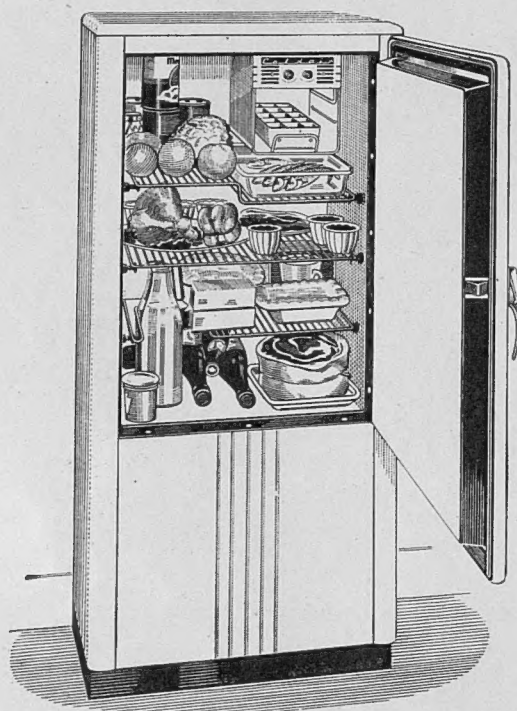
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The TATTLER

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JESSIE MATTHEWS IN "COME OUT TO PLAY"

This bright song, dance and comedy show came to the Phoenix Theatre last night (19th) and would have been with us much earlier than this but for the war. London is delighted because it brings back to us those great favourites, the attractive lady in the above picture and her equally clever husband Sonnie Hale. It was postponed from the 13th on account of Bobbie Hale's illness, he, as is well known, being Sonnie's father. He is still unable to appear—worse luck!



KING CHRISTIAN OF DENMARK ICE YACHTING

Any relaxation which any royalty whose country is anywhere near Hitleria takes is amply earned in these menacing and dangerous times. King Christian is a keen yachtsman and a very good one. He was born in September, 1870, and succeeded to the throne in 1912. In 1898 he married the Princess Alexandrina of Mecklenburg-Schwerin

"O God, be good to me; so very wide is Thy great sea, so very small my boat."

FRENCH FISHERMEN'S PRAYER.

ESTER is a better time than any to think with loving pride about the fishermen and all sea-going ranks who need our prayers—"For those in peril on the sea"—and our parcels. Something which is going the rounds in maritime circles has reached me from the sea-horse's mouth. It also reached Lord Halifax's ear, but too late for the Foreign Secretary to repair the damage done by the Ministry of Information, who, in an off moment, permitted the Press to splash over a Goebblesque statement, which must inevitably come back like a boomerang, though not upon the perpetrators; it is the future prisoners of war who will suffer for this foolish business. Yes, my masters, the truth about the treatment of our prisoners on the *Altmark* is as far from the Press accounts of the "Hell Ship" (published before the prisoners landed at Leith) as John O' Groats from Cape Horn. Readers of this paper are aware that its sentiments have always been not merely anti-Nazi, but anti the bestial, bullying spirit of Germany, exemplified by her five wars of aggression in the last eighty years. But to give the devil his due is the first principle of fair play, and it is fair play we are fighting for, or is it not? The following letter, written by one of the *Altmark* prisoners, was shown to me by a lady of title and good repute at whose request I have altered a few words, without expurgating any material detail. Read on. "I am very angry at the Press LIES about conditions in the *Altmark*, because the truth is we were treated with courtesy and consideration. My family were surprised to find me in the very 'pink' of health—well clothed, clean and well nourished! We were AMPLY fed, and the tales about us being bullied and subjected to humiliations are absolutely false. The captain was a typical Prussian, who made no secret of his hatred of England,

And the World Said—



Bertram Park

LADY MARY ROSE FITZROY

The younger daughter of the late Lord and Lady Ipswich, and a sister of the late Duke of Grafton, who died in 1930, has recently been through a course of nursing at St. Thomas's and is now attached to the R.A.M.C.



WITH THE SURREY UNION

Mrs. Hillman and Captain Peter Vaughan, who is in the Brigade of Guards, at a recent meet of these hounds at Ifield Cross Roads, near Crawley. As elsewhere, the Surrey packs have managed to "keep the tambourine rollin'"—somehow

and especially Churchill, but he was a stern disciplinarian and (unlike the captain of the *Graf Spee*) had no time for any of his prisoners. The 350 prisoners had every intention of rising and overpowering the crew (as was our bounden duty if given the opportunity), but the captain, rightly, saw to it that we got no chance. Monotony, and anxiety as to our ultimate fate, were the only really trying aspects of the life—together with the lack of exercise. I could give you many instances of consideration shown on occasions by the Germans, consequently I am thoroughly disgusted with that section of our Press who refused to take or accept any statements that did not suggest brutal treatment. The rescue was a wonderful affair—absolutely top marks! Luckily, I had my bag all packed, expecting to step ashore at Kiel, so when the British Blues unlocked my room all I had to do was pick it up and walk on board the destroyer! My rage when we were taken to hospital in Edinburgh is

quite unrepeatable on paper! They even tried to make us go to bed while they 'deloused' our persons and kit, although we were spotlessly clean. Threequarters of the prisoners were fed as well, if not better, than they normally would be in their own homes; but given the chance to spin a lurid yarn, some of the sailors grabbed it. That this 'Hell Ship' lie has been put over as gospel is a lamentable thing, as it will not encourage the Hun to deal fairly by prisoners in future. I sincerely hope our present and future prisoners of war will not suffer for the Ministry's short-sighted conduct on this occasion. It is worthy of note that forty-eight hours after arrival at Leith not one single man remained in hospital, and not one died *en route*. In a community of three hundred and fifty, with three months first in the tropics and then in the Arctic Circle in winter, this record shows how 'brutally and inhumanly' we were treated—I don't think."

* * *

The Royal Navy and the Household Brigade were represented by the bridegroom's father, Admiral Wellwood Maxwell, and by the bridegroom and his best man, Lord Stanley, at the Maxwell-Bishop wedding reception at Lady Baddeley's house in Regent's Park. This was a smaller second edition of the engagement party at the Carlton, fully reported here last week. The young bride, like the débutantes at Queen Charlotte's Dance, was wearing an old-fashioned pendant, a beautiful ruby arrangement which is a Maxwell heirloom. Miss Minna Mary Royds and Lady Louis Mountbatten were two of the women in uniform. One of the prettiest civilians present was Mrs. David Verey, another recent bride, better remembered among 1937 débutantes as Rosemary Sandilands. Others at the wedding and not at the Carlton party (though the former was so successfully crowded that every one may have been there, too!) included Miss Juliet Clark, a sister of Mrs. Campbell, of Dolphin-ton, Miss Susan Cavendish, Mrs. "Lance" Joynson-Hicks (*née* All-frey, in a much-flowered hat), Major Alan Holford-Walker wearing the kilt, Sir Philip and Lady Reckitt (she a symphony in dove), and Mrs.

Waiting for the thirty-eights to be called up is not this Le Touquet lad's idea of winning the war. (Congratters to Le Touquet's John Turner on his marriage.) The present comparative lack of action on the part of the Allies is causing mind-searchings in Liverpool, I am told by one of its Members of Parliament, the Lancashire barrister Eric



PRINCE AND PRINCESS NICOLAS OF RUMANIA AT ST. MORITZ

Some more royalty seeking a bit of relaxation from the seemingly unending strain placed upon any country lying cheek by jowl with Germany. Prince Nicolas is not now living in Rumania but in Switzerland

Errington, who is now in balloons in a big way up north. A born and practised organizer, he should be used to straighten the muddles of those R.A.F. units where certain bold aces of the last war have failed conspicuously in the administrative jobs which they should never have been given. They would be much happier in the "Bearded Squadron." Unfortunately, the ground mess they are making is nobody's business. By the end of the war necessity will have sorted the misfits—but why not NOW? (We seem to have heard that plea before, when Mr. Asquith was known as "Wait and See," and Mr. Lloyd George as "Do It Now.") The number of square pegs in round holes all over the country, and the belief that this Government is never going to strike at German troop concentrations, etc., from the air, are things which Liverpoolians

talk about openly. The Londoner, like the Pekinese, merely puts up his umbrella and hopes to preserve the *status quo* indefinitely, which quaint indifference some mistake for courage. Physically, the Cockney is no less brave than the Mancunian for example, but he would rather face a bomb than a moral issue or a mental exercise, and so, always hoping to be left in peace to indulge as he pleases, the southerner fails to recognize tragedy until too late. The north bellows, and the south pretends it has not heard, till between the exigencies of the Nonconformists' conscience, and the self-indulgence of those who believe in nothing except their absolute right to follow their own urges, a tension is created out of which good often springs, but a few years ago this clash between two sides of the British temperament promoted a tragedy of the first magnitude. Upon these and other things we pondered one night at the Mirabelle, where the atmosphere was distinctly political with the said Errington in conference with Major Peter Page-Gourlay of the W.O. who once had the temerity to



Elliott & Fry

THE HON. ELEANOR DE COUCEY WHO IS ENGAGED

The engagement of Lord and Lady Kingsale's youngest daughter to Mr. John Campbell Clarke, was announced on January 16. The bridegroom-elect is the only son of the late Mr. H. W. C. Clarke, of Ashton-in-Mersey, Cheshire, and of Mrs. Clarke. Lord Kingsale, who was in the Indian Army, is one of the small band of surviving officers who were on the Tibet Expedition of 1904

Frank Bellville escorted by her two schoolgirl daughters and by "Ken" Homan, who broke his leg and ankle shooting with "Tony" Murray-Smith last August. He is still on sticks, but full of fight, trying to get a belligerent job.



Poole, Dublin

AT THE WARD UNION POINT-TO-POINT

Mr. Gerald Annesley with Miss Mollie Morrogh-Ryan, of Dunboyne Castle, at the Ward cross-country contest. The Dublin country, as many know to their discomfort, is not the easiest in the world to cross

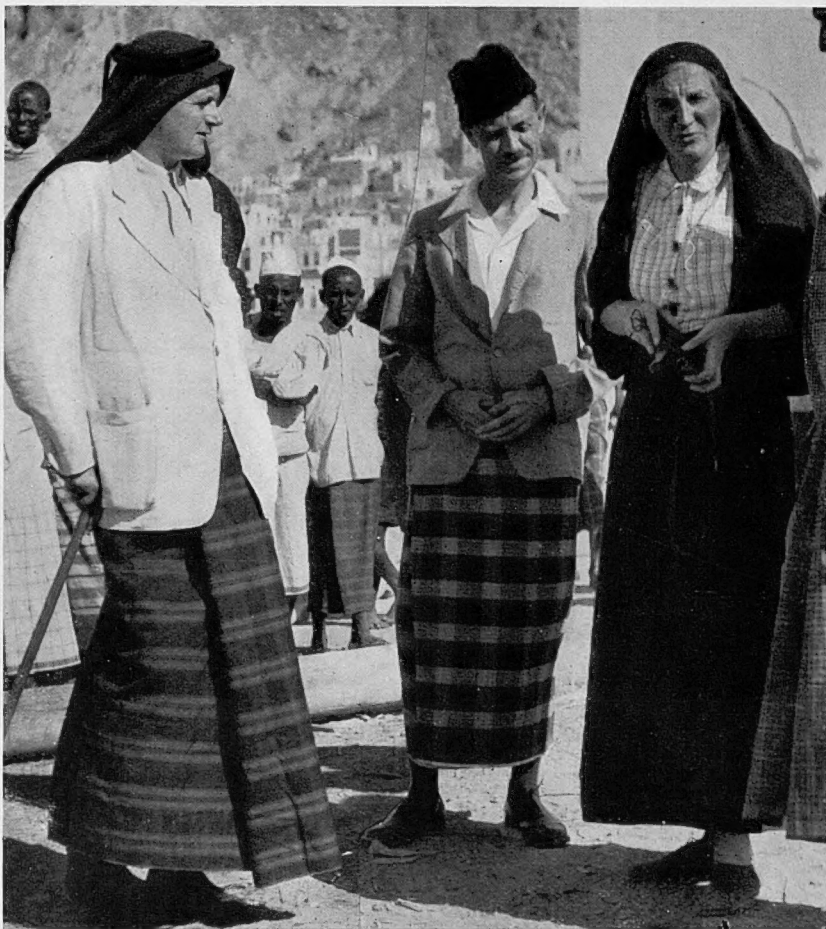
More pictures of this event in next week's issue

And the World said—

(continued)

stand against L.-G., and on the other side of the room L.-G.'s handsome daughter-in-law in a little black evening hat, and in yet another party the E. H. Keelings (Twickenham). You see more people you know there than anywhere, now that The 400 is infinitely more provincial than the Midlands. However, the Duke and Duchess of Kent were dancing late one Saturday night, she wearing a dark purplish blue dinner dress with a touch of red. The only other faces I had ever seen before belonged to Major Gray Horton (on leave from the Eastern Command), his wife, Major Hugh Leveson-Gower (on leave from his battery in Blankshire), his wife, and Miss Nancy Frazier, who would be ski-ing if there was not a war on. As it is, "Archie" Crabbe, Michael Weaver and the other stout fellows who have gone to Finland *via* Chamonix under Kermit Roosevelt's command, did not miss their "Schusses" after all. They are much envied by a certain Foot Guards battalion, one of whose subalterns writes mournfully, "It is h—l being in the Army in London these days. One just has to stick around and do ordinary guards, etc. We cannot carry out any training at all." Part of the trouble seems to be that though most men are mad keen to be good soldiers, too many old soldiers and martinets who would have shaped the raw material were removed by Belisha. It seems silly for the ex-War Minister to fulminate *ex cathedra* on the strategical blunders (present) of the I.G.S., when his own past sins of omission and commission on the administration side (so much easier to handle) are patent to all who see and ponder.

Several young soldiers are coming up for election at St. George's Golf Club, Sandwich, where the usual Easter meeting has been cancelled, but an unusual one will take place instead—the good old English compromise. There will be an 18-holes Medal under handicap on Saturday, and 18-holes Bogey on Sunday, with a five shilling entrance fee for the Red Cross, and an optional five shilling sweepstake on each round. Quite a number of provisional, honorary and ordinary (very) members are expected. The latest provisionals include



"THE INGRAMS OF ARABIA"

Most likely candidate as the "Lawrence of Arabia" of this war is Mr. William Harold Ingrams, C.M.G., O.B.E. (on left of picture), recently appointed Chief Secretary at Aden. Formerly Resident Adviser to the Sultan of Mukalla, Mr. Ingrams is reputed to know more about the Arabs than any man since Lawrence, from whom he differs in having his wife (right) as his constant companion



BRIGADIER LAWSON AND A FRENCH HEROINE

When Lens was occupied by the Germans in the last war, Mme Emelienne Moreau, then a girl of seventeen, stayed behind nursing British prisoners and helping them to escape. Now she is visited at Lens by Brigadier the Hon. E. F. Lawson. Brigadier Lawson is the only surviving son of the third Lord Burnham and is a well-known personality in the Whaddon Chase hunting world

Mr. F. D. Astor, Lord and Lady Astor's second journalist son, whose name was only put down on Leap Year's Day, and Ian Fleming, Peter Harmsworth, Gerald Coke, E. T. Cook, Grenadier Guards, and G. S. Brodrick, Irish Guards, who is Lady Dunsford's son by her first marriage, and took his stepfather's name. Young Mr. Brodrick is to be seen acting escort pretty frequently to the aforementioned Major Page-Gourlay's lovely daughter Mairi, last year's youngest débutante. Another attractive ex-débutante Ursula Gibbons, is getting married at the end of April to Mr. Anthony Hordern, of the Fleet Air Arm. It will be an all-R.C. wedding, probably at St. James's, Spanish Place, where the Ormsby-Gore-Lloyd-Thomas "mixed" wedding was the biggest of the new year. Ursula's very delightful brother, Edgar Gibbons, now at Sandhurst, will give her away. This devoted brother and sister are the best pair of amateur ballroom dancers in London and on the Riviera, where their mother kept open villa until the war. One of their

regular visitors at Cannes was the ex-débutante glamour girl, Edith Lambart, of the long reddish tresses, who has married Ivan Foxwell, a young film executive, to the surprise of her acquaintances. Rumour expected "Beetle" to become engaged to a Ward twin. Wrong again. Entirely frivolous rumours were rife at the Lawrence wedding (they are at Monte Carlo). Several café couples turned up together again, to the general surprise, and among the classic belles were Mrs. "Elsie Scott" Scudamore, and Mrs. Barbara Walsh, who was later seen dining out with George Monkland. Some people still go to the *Gate Revue* once a week, and some to laugh with Stanley Lupino, a most attractive character "off," full of ironic whimsies. Mr. Lupino deplores the undressed state of the light stage; thinks girls and women should always wear softly flowing dresses and smell of lavender bath salts. In his opinion as the war develops in frightfulness, the theatrical appetite will turn from hotcha and strip-tease to the melodious and gracefully sentimental. We must wait and see.

The King has been pleased to approve of the appointment of the Duchess of Kent to be Commandant of the Women's Royal Naval Service.

ULSTER GOES RACING

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL O. B. GRAHAM
AND THE MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERINTHE HON. PATSY DIXON, MISS GRAINGER
AND LIEUTENANT A. M. MACKINNONTHE MARCHIONESS OF DOWNSHIRE
AND HER STEPSON THE MARQUESSLADY GLENTORAN WITH
LADY DUNLEATHJ. C. PARKINSON, MRS. CRAMSIE
AND LADY CLANWILLIAMMRS. JOHN MONTGOMERY
AND MAJOR CHARLES HAZLET

The Down Royal Meeting at The Maze was the first race meeting of any kind Ulster has had since the commencement of this present scrap. It was, naturally, a jumping meeting, and both the going and the falling were soft, for from all accounts it rained stair-roads which rather cramped the fashion side of things. But the racing was good; the principal plat being the Governor's Cup in which there was a real dog fight of a finish, Captain R. A. Cramsie's Phantom III getting home a head from Mr. J. Cox's Drumbella. The winner was ridden by J. C. Parkinson, the crack Irish steeplechase jockey, and in the absence of H.E. the Governor of Northern Ireland, the Duke of Abercorn, Lady Clanwilliam presented the cup to the owner's wife, and the gold-mounted whip to the jockey. Major Hazlet in the picture with the wife of a well-known Irish owner, is the famous Irish golfer—British Walker Cup team, 1924-6-8, winner of the Irish close title, 1920, Irish Open, 1926, and many other achievements of distinction. Lady Glentoran, his daughter, in one of the pictures at the top, is the spouse of someone who may be better remembered in the racing world as Captain the Hon. Herbert Dixon. Evelyn, Lady Downshire, was the second wife of the late marquess. The family bodyguard (the Downshire Militia) is reported to have been in evidence in the Members' Enclosure in Nelson-like kit and red cockade. Lord Dufferin's family seat, Clandeboy, is in Co. Down, hence the picture of his charming wife, the former Miss Maureen Guinness



JOYCE MATHEWS

Paramount, with a weather eye on the future, are great collectors of tomorrow's possible box-office winners and have formed a "Golden Circle" of likely lovelies. One of the likeliest and loveliest among them is Joyce Mathews, who apart from her other very considerable charms has been voted to have the most beautiful hands and arms of any actress on the Hollywood screen. Joyce has already appeared twice in Charlie Ruggles's films and is "slated" for a leading part in his next, *The Farmer's Daughter*, in which Martha Raye also stars

LET me confess that I found myself, the other evening at the Regal, thinking about anything except the film in front of me, a film which purported to deal with Sherlock Holmes. It didn't. Instead it dealt with Mr. Basil Rathbone's exquisite profile in the part of Holmes and the broad, moony meadow of Mr. Nigel Bruce's countenance in the part of Dr. Watson. There were certainly some charming views of London, and it is incredible, or almost incredible, that the screen should have been able to reproduce the very texture of portland stone. But the story! This was of an abysmal inanity. And I shall adhere to this even if it turns out to be a genuine Conan Doyle story and among those later few which I have never read. A child of seven would not have been taken in by its implausibilities. Instead I found my mind straying to other matters more or less connected with detective stories. Why, I asked myself, is the modern detective story always far too long? A detective story, it seems to me, should be something which can be read at a sitting. Say that the whole plot depends on whether the gramophone record was put on before the second whisky and soda or after the third. How can you possibly remember this if, say, five days elapse before you have the chance to take up the book again?

Then I recollected a letter I received some time ago, a letter which asked me to solve a problem. A lady was accustomed every morning to accompany her husband down the garden path and to send him on the way to the office with a kiss at the garden gate. The road leading to the station had no turnings and no houses. Having returned to the house from the garden gate, the lady was in the habit of watching her husband on his way to the station. One morning the husband, when the lady returned to the house a few seconds after leaving him, was nowhere to be seen. Could I offer any explanation? I replied that the explanation was simple. Obviously a plain van used for the conveyance of hire-purchase furniture had been going down the road. The driver had offered to give the man a lift, his offer was accepted, and the van was so plain that the lady could not see it!

Then I thought of that detective story entitled "The Mystery of the Three Gasometers" which I have been trying to write for ages. On top of the first of my gasometers is discovered the body of the respectable wife of a more than respectable

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

Around Sherlock Holmes

bishop. The position in which the body is found precludes the possibility of it having been dropped from an aeroplane. It is fully clothed except for the right leg, which is minus a stocking. At first sight one would think that this is the stocking which is wound round the poor lady's throat, and with which it is fairly obvious that she was strangled. But this turns out to be a man's stocking! Gagging the mouth is the left gaiter of a bishop. The bishop is missing. Some time later, and the top of the second gasometer coming into view, the body of the bishop is found in an attitude which again disposes of an aeroplane. It is fully clothed except for the left gaiter and stocking. Round the neck is a stocking which matches the poor lady's, and the gag used is a lady's veil. Everybody, including Lord Patrick Mimsy, is completely baffled. Later still, the third gasometer, being deflated, reveals a third body. It is that of the detective in charge of the case! One foot is without a sock; but the other foot has two socks. Detective-Inspector Messitup has been gagged with a puttee and strangled with an umbrella cover. On the top of the gasometer are markings suggesting that before meeting his end he had been playing hopscotch.

And then I recalled a problem which actually arose within my own experience. During the war a retired colonel living in a small Derbyshire village emerged from his house one morning and saw on his gatepost seven cigars, all of different brands and all having been smoked about an inch. I advise the reader at this point to rack his brains for any reasonable solution. The competent detective writer will, of course, immediately find seven unreasonable solutions. I can think of eleven! Here is the actual, genuine, and pukka explanation of what happened. Spending my leave in this little Derbyshire village, I heard that my former golf caddie had been wounded and was lying dangerously ill in a hospital in Somerset. His parents being too poor to afford the journey, it devolved upon me to get up a subscription for that purpose. I received the news of the lad's whereabouts at eight p.m. At nine p.m. I had received from the squire a pound note, a stiff glass of whisky, and a first-class smoke. Hesitating to demand money from the vicar at the point of a cigar, I left the squire's cigar on the vicarage gatepost. The worthy cleric gave me a pound note, a stiff whisky, and another cigar. I deposited this second cigar, together with the squire's on the doctor's gatepost. To cut a long story short, when I arrived at the colonel's I had deposited seven cigars by the tail of his couched lion. I have no notion—beyond the whisky—why I took so much care to retrieve them all! As I came away from the colonel's, crackling my eighth Bradbury, smoking my eighth cigar, and meditating equally upon the generosity of human nature and of pre-war whisky, young Polly Simpson, the housemaid, emerged from the bushes, threw her arms round my neck and burst into tears. "Is Jack badly hurt?" she sobbed. I comforted the poor girl as best I could. But I completely forgot the cigars!

And then my attention came back to the film at the Regal which, having become more abysmally inane than ever, failed to hold it! When I got home I looked up something written by my old friend, the late Jack Grein, on the occasion of the first production of a play about Sherlock Holmes, away back in 1901: "One of the Sherlock Holmes episodes had to be rent to tatters, and most of the tatters had to be dipped in all kinds of colours in order to enhance the lurid hue of the central figure. The result is a patchwork of sensations, mostly unexciting, a thorough incomprehensibility all round, so that only the reader of the work may perhaps grope his way in the dark, and a crudity of form and language belonging to a period when our stage was less 'advanced' than it is now."

Then, at long last, the Sherlock Holmes affair was followed by a little, unheralded film called *Here I am a Stranger*, and at once I found myself entranced by what I hold to be an obviously first-class and authentic account of American domestic life. Mr. Richard Dix was the leading man here, and the little film was brilliantly acted. In fact, this supporting film was so enjoyable that I am willing to withdraw all that I have said or indicated about the Sherlock Holmes film. After all, I wasn't looking at it!

THE FOOTLIGHTS—"LIGHTS UP!" AND SOME MORE



MEGGIE EATON GOING INTO THE
VAN DAM REVUE AT THE GARRICK



AUDREY MILD MAY "POLLY"
IN "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA"

Bertram Park



DORIS HARE : "I DIDN'T REALLY
OUGHTER 'AVE WENT" ("LIGHTS UP")



EVELYN LAYE—THE
STAR OF "LIGHTS UP"

The light's up all right at the Savoy, and burning very brightly at that, and here are some of the reasons: beautiful and clever, why "C.B." has led in another winner. Audrey Mildmay, the beautiful Polly in *The Beggar's Opera* (Glyndebourne production under command of John Gielgud) is the wife of Mr. John Christie, the founder of the Glyndebourne Festival. Audrey Mildmay and Linda Gray are the two ladies of whom Macheath (Michael Redgrave) says "How happy could I be with either!" and none is likely to quarrel with such a remark! Meggie Eaton, who has been playing lead at the Windmill since 1932, is lead in the Van Dam Revue, No. 1, due at the Garrick on March 23rd



PHYLLIS STANLEY AND
VALERIE FRAZER ("LIGHTS UP")

Houston Rogers



CAPTAIN J. H. GORDON

A well-known G. R., now busy soldiering. Among Captain Gordon's many successes in the past, was in the United Hunts' Challenge Cup at Cheltenham on Tithe Alarm

His trainer assures his jockey that he stays for ever, and that his previous jockey threw the race away on him by coming too late, and that he's to make plenty of use of him. The jockey carries out his instructions to the letter, but the horse finishes down the pan. The trainer scratches his head and doesn't know what the hell to make of it, and in reply to the owner's slightly petulant queries for an explanation of the disaster, has to fall back on the time-worn adage, that horses are not machines. The true explanation which never dawns on anybody till it's too late is that the first race was slowly run and his jockey was able to conserve the finishing speed of a doubtful stayer; the second race was truly run, and having lain up with his field throughout, the horse was stone cold by the time the business end of the race was reached. I had always imagined myself at my best over short distances, but by that I don't wish to infer that I considered myself fast. Bred on rather unfashionable lines, I have never aspired to giddy heights, being of the opinion that the man who gets ideas above his station is

ONE of the greatest difficulties in a trainer's life is to discover a horse's best distance. Horses are perplexing animals (not 'arf they ain't) and the fact that a horse may be in front till a furlong from home and then shut up and finish out of the first four, as they have a way of doing when I back them each way, does not necessarily mean that he does not stay; it's just as likely that his capitulation is the outcome of an entire lack of finishing speed. Similarly, when you see a horse finishing a million miles an hour, which just fails to get up, you naturally assume that if the distance had been slightly extended he would have won, and next time out you back him confidently.



LORD STALBRIDGE, OWNER OF BOGSKAR

After his recent win at Gatwick in the National Trial Steeplechase, all Lord Stalbridge's many friends hope that this is going to be followed by a win in the National at Aintree, on April 5. Bogskar was backed immediately after his win and as he jumps and stays well, here's hoping for another "bracket." Lord Stalbridge trains his own at Eastbury, near Newbury

Racing Ragout

By "REGULAR"

only building up a whole packet of trouble for himself. All the same, I thought my speed was in excess of my stamina, and I fancied myself not a little in after cocktail scurries from the Ritz to the Mirobel, while later in the day I assessed my best distance as three times round the Four Hundred on a quiet evening and four times round on crowded evenings when I could ride a waiting race and so conserve my stamina. So diffident was I regarding my staying powers that I haven't made that trek to the paddock at Epsom for donkeys' years, and year after year at Ascot I feel as if I ought to be Hobdayed after negotiating that infernal tunnel which leads from the paddock to the iron stand. I know quite well that if the attention of the authorities hadn't been drawn to the fact that I'd broken the seventh commandment, I might still have been permitted to take the shorter trip through the royal enclosure, but that's not the point, as the vicar said to the girl in the taxi.

Getting back with all possible speed to the subject on which I embarked, my C.O. certainly doesn't see eye to eye with me regarding my best distance. After dinner the other evening when I was preparing to set the port circulating, he eyed me with that cold fishy look which those who wear crowns and stars reserve for those who only wear one star, and taking out a map from his pocket depicted a route which savoured of a cross between a marathon race and the Grand National, and bade me lead my platoon over it in search of an enemy which were known to be lurking in or around most of the obstacles we were expected to negotiate. These obstacles included slag heaps (outside), piles of pit props—miners for the use of, rivers, woods, railway embankments, a swamp (luckily frozen), and a derelict village. Slag heaps are of two varieties, those which are on fire, and smell like an underflushed drain, and those which just look like hell. I much prefer the former, as not even the most sadistic C.O. expects one to climb them. Feeling rather like Tetratema would have done had he been started for the Casarewitch, I set forth and for nearly five hours I ran and jumped, if not quite as fluently as Airgead Sios. I nevertheless ran and jumped. On sundry occasions I also fell, if not as elegantly as Airgead Sios fell at Newbury, believe me I fell, and how. Exhibitionism has never been one of my weaknesses, but I should like to show those of you who think I can't take it some of my less embarrassing bruises.

The efforts of my brother journalists and a number of the more enterprising bookmakers to instil the public's interest in the Lincoln Handicap reminds me of the efforts of the grown-ups to make a children's party go, when the little blighters are just standing round and refusing to join in the fun. Despite the efforts of Daddy Luckman and Uncles Meyrick Good, Bob Lyle, Sam Long, Jimmy Park and Robin Goodfellow, the children are still refusing to play. Even the appearance on the scenes of the conjurer, Joe Lee with his funny figures won't make the party a success. Perhaps some of them ate some dead meat at some time or other and it's turned them against parties. My original fancies for the Spring Double were Titan and Symæthis, and I see no reason for deserting them at the moment. Symæthis certainly blotted her copy book at Gatwick, but I am too old a hand to desert a National fancy just because the animal fails over a park course, especially when the horse has jumped the National course as well as Symæthis did last year when finishing fourth. If looks count for anything, Symæthis is twice the mare she was last year. On the last occasion I went racing, Lord Rosebery told me that he considered Titan very fairly handicapped, but that at that time he hadn't done a gallop. Since then he has been actively employed, judged by the training reports.

Q. G.

A CAVALRY ONSLAUGHT



WAITIN' FOR IT!: MAJOR ROBERTSON
AND CAPTAIN ROPNER



THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND
AND
MAJOR H. F. WICKHAM-BOYNTON

ON THE RUFFORD



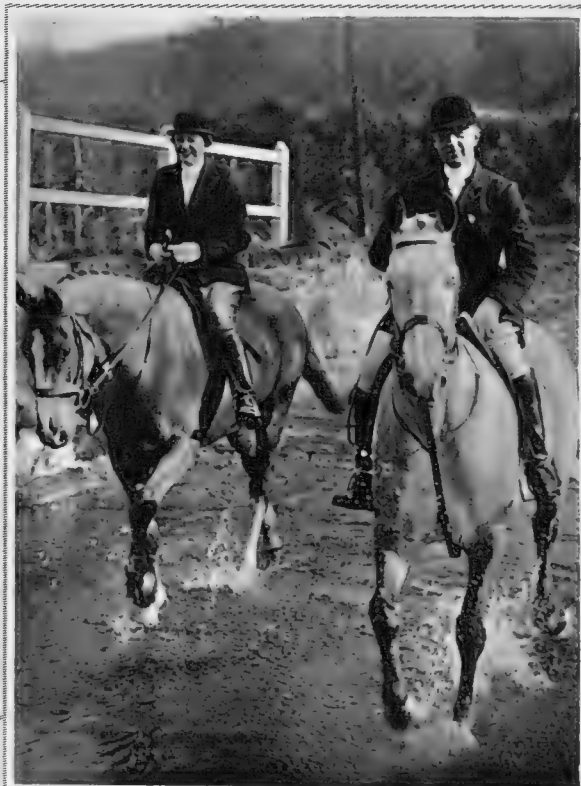
A CAVALRY COSSACK POST: MAJOR J. S. ATKINS
AND MAJOR DICK FRIEDBERGER



CAPTAIN D. G. USHER
AND MR. MERCER-NAIRNE



Howard Barrett
MORE CAVALRY:
MR. AND MRS. ROBIN HUNTER



THE JOINT-M.F.H., COLONEL R. THOMPSON,
AND MISS JUNE THOMPSON

There was nothing mechanised about this attack on the Rufford, which took place at two points—Whitewater Bridge and Rufford Saw Mills. Both regiments engaged were horse soldiers and it is regrettable that the present restrictions only permit it to be said that one was from across the Border and that the other lives in the best grass country in the wide world. The Duchess of Portland, mother of the joint-Master, the Marquess of Titchfield, now on service, is with one of the majors of the northern unit who is a member of a family whose name spells the best of Yorkshire hunting. Colonel Reginald Thompson, the other most popular "joint," seen with his elder daughter, got a D.S.O. serving with the Yorkshire Dragoons throughout the last unpleasantness with the Hun and has been in joint command of these hounds since 1931

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Lively Autobiography.

LIFE can be a very jolly affair if you possess a definite talent and circumstances permit you to express yourself by your gift. In parenthesis, of course, providing always you do not handicap both your life and your talent by enervating human relationships. The trouble usually is that, beside possessing talent, you must also possess the necessary push to get it, so to speak, into the limelight. If you haven't got that push, then success, if it comes along, is always a question of good fortune. Inferiority complex must not be in your vocabulary; or, if it be, then—according to the not-always-convincing evidence of psychology—it must be so ingrained that to outsiders you are your own self-imposed publicity manager. At any rate, you have got to have burning enthusiasm; and enthusiasm, no matter in what direction it goes, is half the spice of a happy life. The pity is that so many people possess enthusiasm, but fate plants them down in an environment where that enthusiasm is squashed by utter lack of either understanding or sympathy. Another pity is that so many people live out nearly half their lives before they discover, to their dismay, that the ambition which has really inspired their inner lives is of more importance to their happiness than the labours and the duties and the affections which seemed for so long to provide its pivot. Alas! these latter often cling to suffocation. The "mute, inglorious Miltons," the people whose talents have never had a chance to develop . . . well, someone, some day, may perhaps write the hidden tragedy of such as these; they will not be able to write it for themselves.

No wonder Mme. Clara Novello Davies calls her gay autobiography "The Life I Have Loved" (Heinemann; 16s.). She was born with something much nicer than a silver spoon in her mouth. Her passion has always been music, and she was born into a family for whom music was also the main interest of life. It must have made a lot of difference to her happiness; because, think how awful it might have been had she been the beloved daughter of a plumber whose only enthusiasm had been dog-racing and football pools! So many people are born with this initial handicap, that I should really rather like to read an autobiography called "The Life I Have Loathed." But that is by the way. In any case, I can easily imagine that Mme. Novello Davies would soon have soared. She was born with the temperament of the gay adventurer, and to the gay adventurers any number of doors are quickly opened. Her father and grandfather were famous in Welsh musical circles. The man she married—in the beginning, against her mother's wishes—was also a musician; though what was more important to their married happiness, he not only shared his wife's enthusiasm, but took a business part in her gay adventuring. The history of the famous Novello Davies Royal Welsh Ladies' Choir is as lively a history of hard work, great risks, rewarded by great triumphs, as anyone might wish to read. And Mme. Novello Davies tells it in the liveliest fashion.

Only a gay adventurer would have taken her Ladies' Choir, then well-nigh in its infancy, all the way to America to compete at the World's Fair of 1893. But she did, and the Choir bore off the first prize. After that, of course, the Choir went from triumph to triumph. Many of the more famous singers graduated from its ranks. It performed before Queen Victoria, and there is a delightful close-up of the great Queen.

But then, the book is delightful all the way through for its close-ups—Adelina Patti's, for example, being specially interesting; since so little was ever known of her off the stage and concert platform. Her nine points of success on the stage are worth quoting: "I know, although they call me the Queen of Song, it is not because I am the greatest singer, but because there are many gifts in the same person in me. I am not beautiful, but I pass for pretty: that's one. I am



FLORENCE DESMOND IN HER DRESSING-ROOM

And rarely enough it is that she has a chance to get down there; for she is kept so busy in *Funny Side Up*, at His Majesty's, that most of her numerous changes have to be done in the wings. And after the show she indefatigably goes over to the Café de Paris to add to the gaiety of London night life with her brilliant imitations



MR. AND MRS. SYDNEY BLOW

Both of these people, photographed by the Thames, are well known in the theatre, Mrs. Blow as Hilda Trevelyan, the successful actress who, amongst other things, was the original Wendy in Barrie's perennial children's favourite, and her husband as author of a host of popular plays, many of them in conjunction with Douglas Hoare

tolerably graceful: that's two. I am a good dresser: that's three. I have a way with me that's piquant: that's four. I like my public: that's five—for my public like me, and I am never tired of pleasing them. I have a good voice: that's six. I know how to sing very well: that's seven. I always know my music. That gives comfort to the audience and may count as eight. I act fairly well in the rôles I sing: that's nine. *What more could one want in a singer?*" Specially good advice, since, if you change it about, so to speak, and adapt it to yourself and your own job, the secret of success is there—if the drive of your good health can keep it up. It certainly made Mme. Novello Davies successful, as this autobiography proves.

At seventy-four she writes with the enthusiasm of one for whom life has only really begun. That's the spirit! Temperamentally, I imagine, she could not have failed. Nothing seemed to daunt her. Nothing put her out. She loved her life, and so she loved everybody and everything concerned with it. There are delightful glimpses of famous singers scattered through the book, and there is not an ill-natured word about any of them. She gave, and she gave generously. Not of money only, but of time and enthusiasm and sympathy—ininitely more precious and worth-while. One of the most interesting experiences she has to tell is the strange story of Wilfrid Douthitt. He was her pupil from boyhood; then he made a name for himself as a singer in London. Afterwards he went to

(Continued on page 378)

THE WIFE AND SONS OF CANADA'S LATE GOVERNOR-GENERAL



Photos.: Karsh, Ottawa

LADY TWEEDSMUIR AND (INSET; LEFT) THE HON. ALASTAIR BUCHAN
AND (RIGHT) THE NEW LORD TWEEDSMUIR

Lady Tweedsmuir, the eldest daughter of the late Captain the Hon. Norman de L'Aigle Grosvenor, a younger son of the first Lord Ebury, has three sons, the two seen above and the Hon. William de L'Aigle Buchan, the second one. The new Lord Tweedsmuir, who was promoted full lieutenant shortly after this photograph was taken, has been appointed Cypher Officer, 2nd class, in the Intelligence Section of the 1st Canadian Division. The uniform in which he is photographed is that of the Governor-General's Foot Guards. The Hon. Alastair Buchan is in the 1st Hussars, the only cavalry unit in the 1st Canadian Division. All three of the late Lord Tweedsmuir's sons were educated at Eton and afterwards went up to Oxford, the present peer to his great father's old college, Brasenose

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

America, where he had an equal success. War broke out, and he was missing and believed killed in France. But, presently, a Belgian baritone appeared: Louis Graveure. Everybody who knew him recognised him immediately as Douthitt but, for some strange reason, the singer denied that Douthitt and Graveure were the same man. Not only that, but he denied that Mme. Novello Davies had ever been his teacher. He even refused to recognise her at one time. True, there was a lady hovering about in the back-ground, but, nevertheless, the explanation seemed to make no sense. Even when they met years later, and for those who had once known him he became Wilfrid Douthitt once again, it seemed decidedly odd. Nor is it the only queer story included in the book. Mme. Novello Davies has apparently never "stayed put," and those who never "stay put" and in temperament are enchantingly starchless, always get twice as much out of life. Naturally, too, being a devoted mother of a devoted son, quite a large portion of her autobiography is taken up by stories of Ivor Novello. Luckily, however, the devotion never becomes a flood. Apart from the relationship, it is the story of a sane and happy communion of interests, and fits perfectly into the story of a life that has every right to be loved.

A Story which Makes You Laugh and Think.

As a novel, Mr. H. M. Tomlinson's "The Day Before" (Heinemann; 9s.) is queer. At least, I can imagine most novel-readers finding it unusual. It has a plot; in fact, it has many plots; but though you, so to speak, are ready to be absorbed into them, you discover that they evade you. But if you are a wise reader, you won't mind that in the least, once you have discovered that the story of a young naval officer, who was undoubtedly murdered by a woman who disappeared, only sets the story going; it is not in itself the main theme. The main theme is a kind of philosophy of life. A cynical, yet smiling philosophy of life; which, incidentally, appears to me to be the only attitude to assume towards it. And what better background for such a philosophy than the editorial and reporting offices of a big London daily newspaper, out to extend its circulation by thrills, sensations, and revolutionary pronouncements?

Simply as a story, it is one you would love to quote from, but would find it impossible to relate. This paragraph would seem almost typical of its mental attitude: "'Whenever I see a big city from a height,' Todd confessed, 'it properly upsets me. My belly crinkles. I don't want to write any more. What's the use of writing for a bird's-eye view of a reeking muddle? I might as well play marbles. Just look at it—millions of human bodies jammed into a whirling ferment—every man leaving the juicy earth—all crowding together to cover in the grass with parched asphalt and sandstone. Then nothing sprouts, nothing grows but hot ideas. . . . Now you can see why Babel was pushed over. That was God's first and last attempt to force us into common sense. He wanted us to be quiet and various, He wanted us to attend to scattered beanfields and goats. No good, though. We wouldn't have it. We've all got together again, shouting at each other, worked up and desperate.'"

It is no use saying, however, that "The Day Before" is anybody's book. The best books rarely are. But it is interesting, it is entertaining, it makes you think, and it is beautifully written. And, incidentally, the whole philosophy of modern man's restlessness and vaulting ambitions is synchronised, so to speak, in a magnificent description of the sinking of the *Titanic*—that huge boat which focussed all that was latest in luxury and invention, upon the decks of which travellers walked feeling themselves as safe as upon dry land. Yet it went down on its first voyage, and it sank almost immediately.

Thoughts from "The Day Before."

"Reality is only the way we see things; and what we think we see may not be there."

"Let God move in any mysterious way He likes to bring about His design; men prefer to go on and get their heads bloody, and they feel all the nobler for it if they can keep them unbowed."

"Man in the mass is serenely indifferent to both murder and Plato; he continues to grade his potatoes."

"Explanations never satisfy a woman; they are more likely to make matters worse, especially if mild and reasonable."

"It isn't love that makes the world go round, but insensibility."

An Unfortunate Heroine.

I wish that I could prevent the thought coming into my head, but I can't. Miss Susan Glaspell's new novel, "The Morning is Near Us" (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.), struck me as being mawkish. It seemed to me as if "Love's Old Sweet Song" were being played incessantly through a melodrama. Twenty years ago, for some strange reason, Lydia Chippman left home at the age of sixteen. She travelled the world and returned unconventional, but full of sweet grief. The family mansion had been bequeathed to her by her father, but only on condition that she returned to live there. She came back to find the house on the verge of decay and a graveyard at the back-door. With her came a little Greek girl and a Mexican boy, adopted during her travels. And, since an old gentleman had left her a hundred thousand dollars, she was really not obliged to remain, even though she felt it her sentimental duty to come back. This she did, and immediately



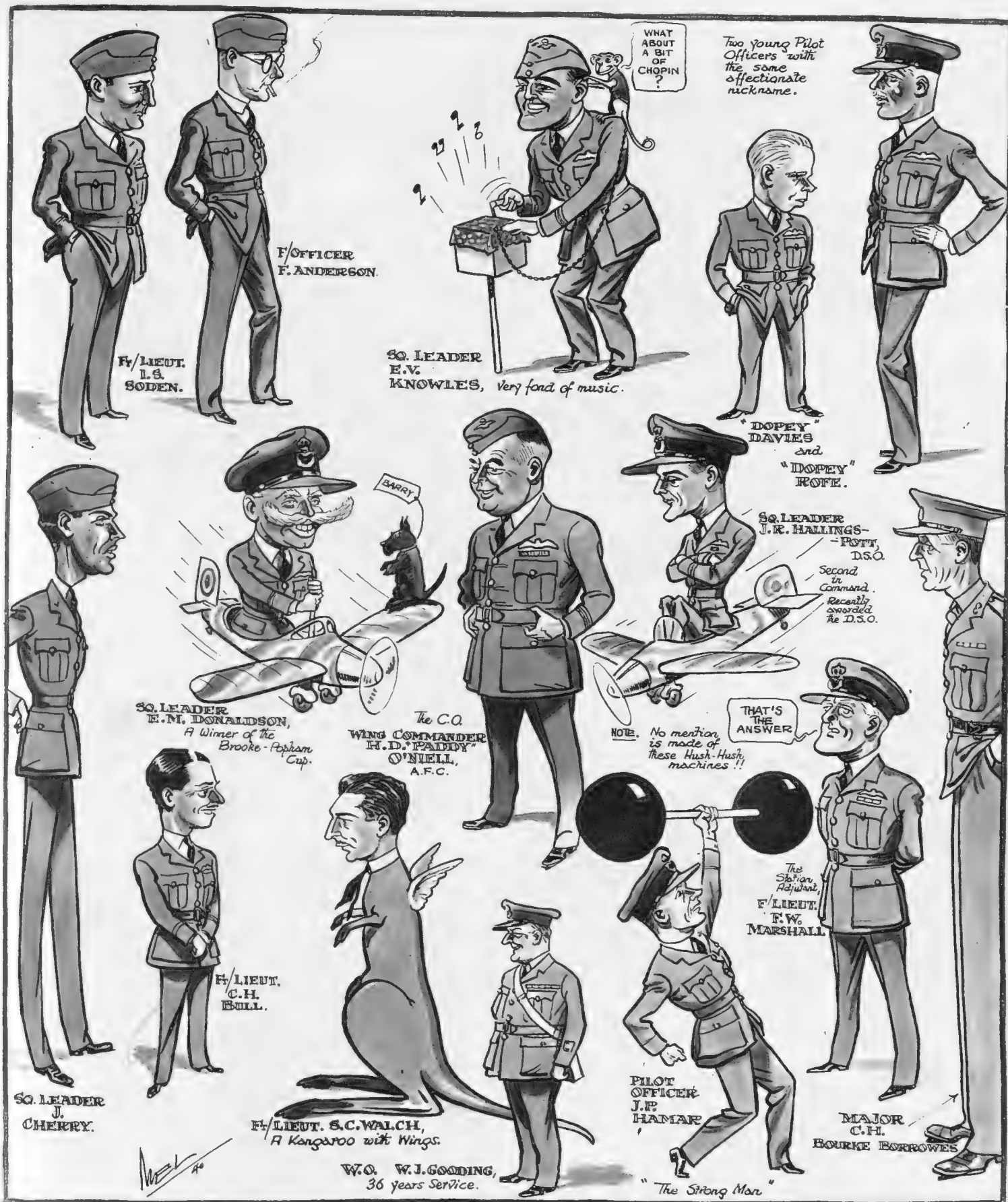
Paul Tanqueray

MRS. G. E. CALTHROP, FAMOUS STAGE DESIGNER,
NOW AUTHORESS

The talented lady's first novel, "Paper Pattern," which has just been published by Hamish Hamilton, is an exceedingly attractive story, a bitter-sweet modern domestic comedy with a tang of sophistication. "Paper Pattern," as would be expected from an artist, has a most distinctive and attractive wrapper, specially designed by the author

everyone in the neighbourhood began whispering and disapproving. Her life became weighed down by mystery and mutters. She learns that her father is not dead, but in an asylum—as sane, however, as you may be. Nevertheless, he is a murderer. Only the beautiful memory of her beautiful mother sustains Lydia in her grief. Then her father escapes, returns home, and informs Lydia that she is not his daughter. That after the first child he and his wife had merely been brother and sister, but that he had adored her so much that he had permitted his beloved to have lovers. Whereupon he develops pneumonia and dies. And Lydia is left purer and purer, and sadder and sadder, but always sustained by beauty and, so to speak, the violin obbligato of "Love's Old Sweet Song." So if you like a mixture of sweet sentiment and sweet sorrow, here is a story which will enrapture you.

SERVICE UNITS — No. 24



AT A ROYAL AIR FORCE STATION — BY "MEL"

The censorship being so extremely rigid, especially where the R.A.F. is concerned, it would be extremely venturesome to add one word of embellishment to the artist's pictures, which, however, are quite eloquent enough and will say a bibful to the originals. We (and the Boche) know quite a lot about what is being done, but as our lips are as tightly sealed as the record sealed lips, there is no alternative but to let the pictures go and take their chance. Germany never gets such good pictures of her own Air Force, that is a stone certainty



Stuart

THE ETON XV. WHICH BEAT THE R.A.F.

Eton, whose real game is not Rugger, have only had two fixtures at the time of going to press—beaten by Sandhurst 11 points to 5, and winning by 24 to 3 against the R.A.F. The

Eton captain, Douglas Baillie, is said to be more than just promising

The full list of the names is (l. to r.; standing): H. Trenchard, C. Bowlby, C. Snell, A. Gibbs, R. Compton, B. Young, and C. McGregor; (sitting) J. Bruce, D. I. Fyfe-Jameson, J. Graham, Douglas Baillie (captain), F. Riley-Smith, R. Muir, A. Watney; (on ground) A. Coats and R. Stewart-Wilson

"**T**OUT passe, tout casse, tout lasse!" A good aphorism to hang up over our mantelpiece in these times, when we are sick to death of the mouthings and frothings of Göring, Göbbels, and the other ape.

Does anybody know with absolute certainty the date when the stirrup came into being? I confess myself floored by the question, which has been put to me by an erudite friend who thinks that he has traced it to 500 A.D. He may be right, and I am in no position to contradict him, but I think that its introduction may antedate that by about 455 years. The Roman cavalry at the time of the Punic Wars, circa 216 B.C., were stirrupless, but whether Hannibal's, much better handled and probably more up-to-date in their equipment, had them, I would not swear. There is in my Latin dictionary the word *scabellum*—"a foot-rest, a stirrup," and the mounted troops of Caligula's days, A.D. 37-41, may have had them. Thinking in terms of the long marches which Hannibal's cavalry had to undertake, and of their good performance in combined action with the tanks of the

find no evidence. Alexander, 356 B.C., certainly had no stirrups when he took on and subdued that bucking fury Bucephalos (Bous Kephalos the bull-headed), and how he remained when that horse really set himself alight I do not know. Bucephalos is buried at Bucephala, which to-day we call Jhelum. I fear, however, that all this is just groping in the dark, and gets us very little forrader. Attila's cavalry, at Chalons, A.D. 451, may have had some sort of stirrup, in view of the long-distance operation upon which they were engaged. But there is no definite evidence.

In an endeavour to discover something more or less tangible, I turned to that good book "Bridleways Through History," and to Lady Apsley, who has done so much in the way of historical research. Her Ladyship writes: "Ref. Stirrups: their history is, I think, lost, like that of wheel or whip. I fancy the Chinese used stirrups long before any Europeans. The Greeks (of the Heroic Age) did not, nor did the Romans until late, when they may have copied the practice from the Gallic cavalry they encountered, or adopted the idea from gouty old generals. The first stirrups were an aid to mounting.

"I have read somewhere that some Gauls and Celtic people



Clapperton

AT A RECENT BUCCLEUCH FIXTURE

Lady Willa Elliot and the Hon. Dominic Elliot, younger daughter and younger son of Lord and Lady Minto, and, on the right (standing), Mrs. Teacher, the day these hounds met at Minto House, Hawick, which is in the heart of this fine hunting domain

Pictures in the Fire

period (elephants), I should think that there is a strong supposition in favour of their having had some kind of stirrup, even if it were only a stirrup-leather with no iron attached. Xenophon's cavalry had no stirrups; neither had the Parthian mounted infantry. It may be that Cæsar's cavalry had stirrups in the campaign in Gaul, but this, again, is entirely guess-work! I can



Howard Barrett

WITH THE GROVE

Mrs. Denis Brown and her sons, Malcolm (left) and Simon, on the day the Grove met at Blythe. Major Denis Brown is away on service



Howard Barrett

AT THE DUNSTALL HALL MUSIC RECITAL

Lady Noreen Bass, Prince George Chaychavadze, who was the recital and who has now raised about £1300 by his recitals for war funds, and Lady Hardy, the charming châtelaine of Dunstall, Meynell seat of her husband, Major Sir Bertie Hardy, an ex-Master of the Meynell

By "SABRETACHE"



MISS ANGELA KAYSER, M.F.H. (GROVE), AND MR. E. W. CLEGG

A snapshot taken at Blythe on the same day as the one on the left. Miss Kayser is now in sole command with the Grove, as her "joint," Mr. H. L. Farrer, is away soldiering

barkation has begun, with a military 'red-cap' policeman escorting him and his bags."

This information comes from a most authoritative source, but, I think, needs a bit of amplification. The "Red-Cap" may be a bit misleading. The officer is not what the thoughtless might suppose, but a "Silver Greyhound," in other words, a Royal Air Force Dispatch Courier carrying a dispatch of such importance that he gets priority or right of way over everyone else.

The "Silver Greyhound's" job is to carry very important official dispatch bags by any alternative means of travel when weather or other reasons prevent the ordinary air-dispatch letter service of the Air Force from being used. There are four couriers; officers specially selected for their stamina and their familiarity with the Continent. They are the most powerfully sponsored members of the travelling public, and they carry the highest possible Government credentials.

(including the Irish) used stirrup leathers, but in the main the Celts preferred chariots. Neither they nor the Romans used cavalry in the sense of shock action as we know it. They were mounted infantry riding to the battlefield—or escaping from it!

"The Norman knights were the first horsemen in Western Europe to use regularly stirrup-irons and the lance. Probably the former provided the sufficiently secure seat for the latter. At Hastings, Harold rode to the battle, but fought on foot.

"The Saracens used stirrup-irons and short leathers, whence from Moorish Spain the practice passed to Western Europe—a seat which has never been really popular with Western horsemen!"

* * *

"A Royal Air Force officer is sometimes seen walking down the gangway of a cross-Channel steamer before disembarkation has begun, with a military 'red-cap' policeman escorting him and his bags."

This information comes from a most authoritative source, but, I think, needs a bit of amplification. The "Red-Cap" may be a bit misleading. The officer is not what the thoughtless might suppose, but a "Silver Greyhound," in other words, a Royal Air Force Dispatch Courier carrying a dispatch of such importance that he gets priority or right of way over everyone else.

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Stuart

AN R.A.F. RUGGER XV. BEATEN BY ETON

The fact that this R.A.F. side got knocked out 24 points to 3 by Eton (see opposite) was mainly due to the fact that they had hardly been together as a side

The names in the picture are (l. to r.; standing): F. M. Pennycott (linesman), G. P. Elliott, W. E. Sweeney, R. G. Hoare, W. Taylor, D. Jones, L. Parsons, E. W. Ensted and J. H. Reid; (sitting) G. G. Stafford, S. P. L. Slade, J. M. Whittock, H. Huddart (captain), A. W. Edwards, T. L. Scott and A. C. Smart

On the average they travel about 7000 miles a month, and their motto is "J'y vais" (I am going there). They are individually known to railway and departmental officials on both sides of the Channel, and never complete a travelling form or make application for any concession. They are given precedence because of their mission, which may include the charge of important dispatches from any Government department.

Occasionally the R.A.F. couriers do unexpected things. When the Prime Minister was at the front recently, important papers had to be conveyed to him urgently. They left Whitehall at 9 a.m. Two hours later the duty officer at an advanced air station in France read in the Courier's movement order the magic words, "you are to render all available help. . . . Priority Service." He commandeered a motor-car from its astonished occupant, found out the Prime Minister's exact whereabouts, and had the Courier and his dispatches delivered to the Prime Minister by twelve noon.

So we must not get any false impression if we see an R.A.F. officer in charge of a military cop!



Howard Barrett

ALSO AT THE DUNSTALL RECITAL

Miss Inge, whose family's name is so famous in the Atherstone country, Lady Burton, and Maud, Lady Huntingdon, three more of those who were enchanted by Prince George Chavchavadze's playing at the recital at Sir Bertram and Lady Hardy's house



Clapperton

THREE GENERATIONS AT A RECENT BUCCLEUCH MEET

Mrs. Browne Clayton, her mother, Mrs. Jardine, Magdalene Browne-Clayton (granddaughter), and Brigadier-General J. B. Jardine (grandfather), who was having a dart with this fine pack on the Minto House day, over the best—and stiffest—country in Scotland

AT THE MAXWELL-BISHOP WEDDING RECEPTION



MISS MINNA MARY ROYDS AND
MRS. CHRISTOPHER HOHLER



MISS EVELYN DUFFUS, MISS ELIZABETH MAXWELL
AND MISS GILLIAN SAVORY (BRIDESMAIDS), THE BRIDE
AND BRIDEGROOM AND LORD STANLEY (BEST MAN)



SIR PHILIP AND LADY RECKITT
WERE AMONG THE GUESTS



REAR-ADMIRAL AND MRS. W. G. C. MAXWELL
AND MRS. A. L. SAVORY (MOTHER OF THE
BRIDE) RECEIVED THE GUESTS



CAPTAIN AND MRS. EVAN CAVENDISH
(RIGHT AND LEFT), MISS SUSAN CAVENDISH
AND BRIGADIER-GENERAL T. ROSE PRICE



MR. KEN HOMAN, MRS. FRANK
BELLVILLE, PATRICIA BELLVILLE
AND ANNE TUNNICLIFFE

In these pictures (a trifle tardy on account of Easter holiday complications) is a record of a very important recent wedding, that of Mr. G. Cavendish Maxwell, Grenadier Guards, only son of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Wellwood Maxwell, of Sudborough Manor, near Kettering, Northants, and Miss Margaret (Peggy) Bishop, only daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel A. C. Bishop, and of Mrs. A. L. Savory, of Oxendon Grange, Oxendon, Market Harborough. The wedding took place at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, and Sir Vincent and Lady Baddeley lent 32, York Terrace, Regent's Park, for the reception, at which this gallery was culled. Lord Stanley, grandson and heir of Lord Derby and a brother officer of the bridegroom, was the best man. Rear-Admiral Maxwell, who saw a lot of active service in the Dardanelles and elsewhere during the last war, managed to get leave for the wedding from the East Coast port where he is in command, and the Navy (in this case, the wavy variety) was also represented by Captain Evan Cavendish, the bride's maternal uncle. Another distinguished Service guest was Brigadier-General T. Rose Price, formerly O.C. The Welsh Guards, and before that in the Indian cavalry, and now, like so many others, back in uniform

MORE JUMPING IN KILDARE— TO WIT, AT NAAS



MISS DIANA DREW AND LORD
RATHDONNELL



MISS MARY LILLIS, LADY GOULDING
AND MR. BARRY LILLIS



CAPTAIN AND MRS. DESMOND
EDWARD FITZ GERALD



MR. RODERIC MORE O'FERRALL,
MRS. DENIS DALY AND E. M. QUIRKE



MR. FRED MYERSCOUGH AND
MRS. GEOFFREY PALMER



MRS. NESBIT-WADDINGTON, MISS ROSALIND
MANSFIELD AND COUNTESS TAAFE

Poole, Dublin

Naas has been one of the busiest spots for "aerial" warfare where the jumping business is concerned, and every time everyone has had money's-worth for anything handed over at the pay-gate. As it is not necessary to tell any native of the British Isles, Naas is in the heart of that great country for fox-hunting, Kildare, and all the available sporting notables always back up any meeting that comes along. Here are just a few of them, and the picture catalogue runs something like this: Lord Rathdonnell, on leave from his mechanised cavalry regiment, and recently made a proud father of a baby daughter, the second child, the other being a son. Lady Goulding, wife of Sir Basil Goulding, who has just won the Irish Squash Championship, is a daughter of Sir Walter Monckton. Captain Desmond Fitz Gerald is with his very recent bride, the former Miss Strickland. Mrs. Denis Daly is the wife of Major Denis Daly, now away soldiering; and Mr. Roderic More O'Ferrall is the well-known trainer, Quirke being the equally well-known Irish steeplechase jockey. Mr. Myerscough is one of the heads of "Goffs," the Irish Tattersalls, and the charming lady with him is very well known with The Blazers. Miss Mansfield, who is with two other well-known people in the world of sport, is the youngest racing owner in all Ireland

THE ETIQUETTE OF THE THICK EAR

By
MICHAEL ARLEN

NOW maybe it is sour grapes on my part, for the Lord knows that I am not a jolly little Nazi girl's dream to look at, but every time I see a picture of Herr von or Baron von or Reichminister von Ribbentrop's glassy eyes and classy face I want to throw a brick at it. But this is very wrong of me, and also it is against all etiquette. I fancy that people do not realise how much etiquette has got itself tangled up with what should be the simple matter of one man knocking another man down. It is a highly complicated business, and the etiquette is terrific. I will tell you about it.

Let us first take a simple question: when and where is it correct or permissible for one citizen to give another citizen a thick ear?

Not long ago two friends of mine got down to telling each other the truth about each other, and so ended up by wishing to kill each other at once. For the scene of this free-for-all these realists chose a restaurant of the modish sort. The available data is somewhat confused, having been collected by inexpert witnesses, most of whom were absolutely stinking. But we are not concerned here with the reasons behind such a vulgar *fracas*. We are seeking the light. Thus the first question before us is whether it is correct or permissible for one gentleman to hit another when in a restaurant, and I wish to say right away that nothing will be gained by replying that the answer is horse-radish. On the contrary, the answer is that such conduct is not at all correct, and further, that the friends, relatives and creditors of the gents concerned may properly point the finger of scorn at them as being depraved citizens of the sort who will permit themselves to offend against their old Alma Mater.

Very well then, where does that get us? If one gentleman may not hit another when in a restaurant, when and where *may* he hit him without taking the intolerable risk of being called an un-English cad, outsider and/or bouncer? A host may not strike his guest, nor may a guest strike his host. Cads maybe, but gents never. Very well, you may not strike a man in his own house. (Cricketing term: "While eating his food.") And you may not strike a guest in your own house. (Cricketing term: "While taking my salt.") Such conduct cannot be countenanced. Nor may one guest strike another guest under another man's roof. (Cricketing term: "One's got to be a white man, after all.") It is, of course, hardly necessary to point out that for one clubman to strike another clubman within a club is quite unheard of. (Cricketing term: "Dago behaviour.") While as for officers of his Majesty's Forces on sea, land and air, playing cricket is very tough indeed on them, for when in uniform (*pukka sahib*) they may not punch anybody without also dropping their careers down the nearest dustbin.

Very well then, where are we? All cosy corners eminently suitable for the delivery and reception of thick ears having been ruled out by the iron laws of etiquette, how do we stand, who stand divided? Where are non-territorial waters? In a park? In the street?

Now I feel sure that there will be a reader here and there who will say that this question simply should not arise at all, since we have been taught that we must turn the other cheek. I do not have a word to say against such forgiving people, and I wish them a lot of luck. But it should be borne in mind that in the distant days when that advice was offered, people still hoped for the best from other people and so were willing to take a chance. Whereas everything is now quite different, owing to progress and civilisation, for now we not only expect the worst from other people but we make the worst of it when it happens. Let us hope, by all means. But if we do not hope with our boots on and a poker handy, we are sunk. May God have mercy on us all.

Other readers may question the vital importance of this matter to the world at large. They may ask: "Why, in the ordinary way, hit anybody?" They are wrong. I do not say that they are sissies, but I do say that they are wrong. Now let us suppose that we are all agreed in thinking that this world is a very lousy place. But why is it so very lousy? I will tell you.

It is because men are afraid to think, for fear they might have to act upon their conclusions. It is because men will readily die for their country but will not, even to right the

gravest wrong, offend against the etiquette that governs their conduct. It is because men who will die to defend the most cruel injustices are afraid to hit out to revenge a bare-faced insult against their souls. It is because men are taught to reverence the worst that is in themselves, and this worst is too often personified in their leaders. But that is not all. It is because too many beastly and wicked men are permitted to insult and injure their fellow-men. And they are not thrashed for it. The world is sick because these beastly and wicked men are permitted to spit on the sufferings of mankind. And they are not thrashed for it.

Well, you please yourselves. But I disapprove. I think people are too sane and prudent and reasonable. I think people take too many insults lying down. I think the world respects the Finns much more than it respects the Czechs and the Jews. I think the world is right, for once. I think the Jews are too sensible. I think they are too goddam patient. I think that patience is a great quality, but it is not a lovable quality. I think that great Jewish warriors like the Maccabees were not very patient. I think that if some Jews, for once in their lives closing their eyes to the consequences, were to give a criminal idiot like Julius Streicher or a la-de-da pocket Aryan like Ribbentrop a really good hiding, they would do more good to the cause of Jewry the world over in one glorious minute than all the hard-luck speeches and appeals and collections and complaints and White Papers and atrocity-stories and Zionist propaganda put together. I think that the spectacle of Jewish humiliation is on the world's conscience. But I think it is also on the world's nerves, and so maybe they had better do something about it, for the world gets to dislike what is on its nerves. My countrymen, the Armenians, were getting on the world's nerves once. But they are a bit under weight now. Gladstone helped all England to be thoroughly bored with them. But there were fifteen million Armenians then, and now there are maybe a million, maybe less. A great number of the lost fourteen million were very meek and frightened people, for the persecuted become very meek and frightened. But a certain number also were not frightened of anything but prudence. And they were not content to lie down and be kicked. And they spewed back their humiliation on their persecutors in a torrent of bloody vengeance. For this they died, as all brave men must die, rather than survive the intolerable insults that are put upon humble men by homicidal bullies. You may disapprove of terrorists, but it needs a terrorist to kick a sadist in his fat belly. You may prefer the virtue of patience to the sin of bloody vengeance. But let us remember that these men were daring men and not prudent men forever worrying about their money and property if they should do this or if they should do that.

It makes me sad to think how many so-called great men never get the thrashings they so richly deserve. I am not at all content to wait upon God to punish them. But they never have been given thick ears, right through history. Because of fear. Because of patience. Because of etiquette. Because of tolerance. O tolerance, what cowardice lies concealed beneath thy lofty mantle! Millions of lives would have been spared and untold miseries avoided had some of the great men of history only been made to look ridiculous by the exercise of intolerance. For there is not a great man who ever lived and did harm, whether it is Tamerlane or Louis XIV. or Stalin or Hitler, who would not have become a figure of ridicule if some brave and compassionate and intolerant man had thrashed him as soundly as he deserved for having dared to make a dung-heap of the sufferings, the hopes and the dignity of man.

Well, let's drop it. Men are so made that only the meek and humble are ever given a good hiding. Men are so made that they will commit mass violence for the most nonsensical reasons, but not personal and glorious violence for the best of reasons. Men are so made that they will make of tolerance a hideous mask to cover their greed. But some of us can still rejoice in our dreams. And in my dreams it is with real ecstasy that I see Mister Ribbentrop with a couple of black eyes decorating his really quite pretty face. Something like that would teach him and his like, more than Mr. Chamberlain's sternest declarations, more than Lord Halifax's most austere reproaches, more than Mr. Churchill's noblest philippics, something like that would teach them to stop pressing their natty pants between the corpses of humble men.



AFTER THE W.A.T.S.—WHAT?
SOME MASCOTS FOR THE SERVICES

DRAWN BY A. K. MACDONALD

SOCIETY PORTRAITS

*Bertram Park*

MISS PAMELA STRICKLAND

The beautiful daughter of Lady Mary Strickland, for whom her mother gave a dance at Apperley Court on January 12 as some compensation for her being done out of being presented at Court owing to the suspension of that sort of thing for the duration. Lady Mary Strickland is an aunt of the Earl of Wemyss and a sister of Lady Cynthia Asquith and Lady Plymouth



LADY KINROSS

The above is the latest studio portrait of the literary Lord Kinross, who, until his father, was better known to his friends as Balfour and as the author of at least one novel. Kinross is a good amateur artist, and has painted many oils. Since the outbreak she has been painting. The original of this most attractive portrait is late Captain Charles Culme-Seymour,

RE AT ITS BEST



Antony Beauchamp

ROSS

of the artistic wife of the
succeeded, on the death of
public as the Hon. Patrick
t three good books. Lady
er favourite medium being
n training with the V.A.D.
portrait is a daughter of the
who was killed in the last war



Hay Wrightson

THE HON. NANCY BOWES-LYON

The engagement of the niece of her Majesty the Queen to Mr. L. A. P. Robinson, R.A.F.V.R., was announced early in the present month. Miss Bowes-Lyon is the younger of Lord and Lady Glamis' two daughters, Lord Glamis being the Queen's eldest brother and son and heir of the Earl of Strathmore. The elder of Lord and Lady Glamis' daughters is the Hon. Mrs. Kenneth Harington, whose husband is a kinsman of Sir Richard Harington

"NAP HAND"

By

ALAN BOTT

AT THE
ALDWYCH
THEATREPARENTS AND THEIR QUINS: KAY WALSH,
MARIA MINETTI, VALERIE TUDOR, RALPH
LYNN AND CHARLES HESLOP

THOUSANDS now living have written farces, but only about one per thousand ever gets his farce produced and acted. Even so, it is surprising that no farce based on the birth of quins has been staged in London during the years since a Dr. Dafoe delivered a Mrs. Dionne of five female infants in Canada, and the record caused more stir in the world than the sum-total of all the biggest scores at football, baseball, golf, cricket, and tossing the caber.

For consider what fun is waiting in the idea. With quins, the shock to the father is in the ratio of five to two by comparison with that to the traditional father of twins. So are the congratulations on his prowess and virility. And the mother will be prouder than five pea-hens. There will be fivefold complications over cots, wettings, identities, substitutions and paternities. There will be fantastic profits from advertisements, tremendous hullabaloo in the Press. If one or both parents decide to separate (as in farce they most likely will), which is entitled to take how many? If, just as a family group is about to be photographed, one of the infants is kidnapped (as in farce it certainly will be), the father will surely borrow another to take its place, on the principle that all brats look alike to him. Just as surely the borrowed baby, on examination, will turn out to be the wrong sex, and probably the wrong colour. A terrific time will be had by all, especially the wretched quins, who if they were not dummies would need five coffins long before the curtain falls on the second Act.

All this, with much else, duly happens in the Aldwych's *Nap Hand*, by Vernon Sylvaine and Guy Bolton. It is all very fast, frantic and unmemorable—unmemorable, that is to say, except for Mr. Ralph Lynn's bits of by-play and the up-to-date suggestion, when one quin is lost and its substitute is discovered to be a black 'un, that the mother may have been influenced by a pre-natal visit to Duke Ellington's band. The much else mostly rings the changes on the good old chimes familiar in family deception. Mr. Ralph Lynn is not really the father of five at one go: he scores merely two, and so does Mr. Charles Heslop. So this Freddie Quibble and this Johnny Potter, being hard-up salesmen, see the advantage of cashing-in on numbers. They convert the pairs into five by palming into their parental poker-hand an Italian joker—a bambino born on the same day, to parents who already have too many. And the nurse to all five, being Sister Bertha Belmore, comes in as partner, thus giving an air of angry respectability to an otherwise crooked deal.



CHARLES LEFEAUX AND ROBERT NAINBY

Well, the preposterous situations dovetail into each other as deftly as the normal gear-change in, at any rate, a good four-cylinder car. Mr. Ralph Lynn has never been slicker and seldom funnier: even though, in the week when I saw the show, laryngitis had given him the voice of a corncrake (as a rule, it resembles rather that of a pleasant cuckoo with twenty notes instead of the usual two). When he carefully adjusts the trouser-creases of the visitor who has just promised him £10,000, he makes you almost *see* the fantastic impulse of a grateful, neat-minded man. Mr. Charles Heslop backs him smoothly, being specially effective in striking absurd attitudes that recall his burlesques of sportsmen. Miss Bertha Belmore has put bubbling soda into her familiar dragon-brew. The Misses Valerie Tudor and Kay Walsh fight each

other charmingly, and are shining examples of how, under the modern technique in delivery, the birth of twins need make no difference to first-class figures. Miss Maria Minetti, Messrs. Charles Lefeaux, Francis de Wolff and Robert Nainby bring useful "character" to the baby-bottle party.

In the space that remains to be filled, I have really nothing else to say about this light little piece, except that it can make you laugh often at any time, and heartily if you have dined well. It is well tuned, Mr. Austin Melford being the producer. Mr. Firth Shephard "presents": in case you don't know what he looks like, he looks impressive in the full-page portrait on page 5 of the programme. Smoking is permitted in the auditorium.

The safety curtain is lowered and raised in the presence of each audience. But be careful where you leave your car: my number has twice been taken by the police in the street behind the Aldwych Theatre.



SISTER BERTHA BELMORE

Hence prosperity, descending in a rain of film rights, newspaper rights, photographic rights, testimonials for baby foods and advice on how to be a prize parent ("Guinness is Good For You, Says Freddie Quibble"). Hence, even, a visit from an emissary from the Ministry of Man-Power, bringing a silver cup and the promise of £10,000 in token of the nation's thanks. Hence, furthermore, the usual family ructions. Mr. Lynn has forgotten to tell his wife that only two babies are hers, whereby she joyfully accepts the plaudits of the populace, and queens it over Mr. Heslop's wife, whose motherhood of the second pair of twins has gone unrecognised. Inevitably, the unrecognised mother is first jealous, and then furious when the quins' identity bangles (as inevitably), get mixed, so that nobody knows which is whose.

Add, also, blackmail from the father of the Italian singleton, demanding his fair fifth share of the spoils at the point of the stiletto, and further demands from his very Italian wife, who has a grand pair of legs and a pretty technique for all-in wrestling. And everything is then properly prepared for startling entrances, wild exits, plenty of rushing around, much ado about blood tests and weight charts, many innuendoes, lots of lies and plenty of grotesque posings; not to mention stand-up fights between men and men, women and women, and women and men. Everything that is standard to Aldwych farce is there, in fact, except Mr. Robertson Hare and (perhaps the omission was in delicate deference to a brother comedian) the de-bagging which is Mr. Hare's time-honoured prerogative. Still, in place of the familiar de-trousering, the Italian lady is adequately de-skirted.

RALPH LYNN

CHARLES HESLOP

TOM
TITT
2nd M.

Priscilla in Paris

TRÈS CHER—There are moments in this city when it is mighty difficult to remember that a war is happening just around the corner, and one of these moments came to me at the Auteuil race-course on a spring-like Sunday afternoon, when the sun shone on an array of dinky little bonnets and funny little flowered toques that contrasted amusingly with the heavier furs that still enwrapped (from enraptured!) the slim bodies of our Lovelies . . . , who are likely to be even slimmer in the near future, when we are cut down on pastries, chocs and al-co-hol! Of course, there were plenty of uniforms "to remind us," but then there are always uniforms at the races in France, even in peacetime, and it is no extraordinary sight to see a "jock" wearing a military greatcoat over his colours in the *pesage*.

To go from the distinguished crowd one finds at Auteuil to the amazing squalor of the *Marché aux Puces* is quite a small thrill, and next day a job of fetch-and-carry with the ambulance gave me-and-my-companion just that very jolt. The "flea market" is immediately beyond the *Porte de Clignancourt*. Imagine a dump of hovels, of broken-down huts, of shelters built of old doors, palings and other materials bought from the house-breakers. This is the home—or, rather, the business quarters—of the rag-and-bone merchant, the second-hand-clothes' dealer and the old-iron vendor. One presumes, after a visit there, that there is nothing one cannot buy at *les Puces*, so long as one does not care in what state of disrepair the object is.

"Squalor" is perhaps the wrong expression to use in connection with the "flea market." The broken bits and pieces that were displayed in the ramshackle booths, or were strewn on old sacks and newspapers over the roadway itself, were neither foul nor filthy, and the place was neither smelly nor really fleasome . . . or was I particularly lucky? Driving all over Paris to collect sick men, as we do on ambulance duty, means that we have to consult a plan of the city pretty closely before we start out, and, as everyone knows, there is a mighty difference between the neat little roadway set down on the map and the narrow gully it sometimes turns out to be.

Looking for a street that, we fondly imagined, was really a street, and was marked as such on the plan, we sailed through the *Marché aux Puces*, came out the other side quite safely, and started the hunt. We found it at long last, not where we thought it ought to be according to plan, but where the market had crept up and engulfed it. It was a blind alley that had become a shanty town, such as the Dead End Kids would have loved, and about two yards (in width) remained of what had once been a decent-sized court. "*Mais oui, m' fille,*" answered the cheery rag-picker I questioned, "this is *la rue Elizabeth Rollin*, only nobody lives here now!" "But we have to fetch a sick man from number so-and-so," I insisted. He shrugged his shoulders and turned away, refusing to have any more truck with my lunacy.

My companion was sitting tight with the ambulance, and could neither move backwards nor forwards by reason of the gathering crowd. I picked my way over the cobblestones, in and out between piles of carpets, stacks of bones and mounds of incandescent gas-burners, towards the only building within sight. It turned blank shutters towards



Francken

IRENA KOBRZYNSKA, THE FAMOUS POLISH OPERA SINGER

Like so many more of her compatriots, Madame Kobrzyńska is a fugitive from the brutal invasion of her devoted country by the Huns. She gave her first concert at the Wigmore Hall on February 18, and her next one is to be at Queen's Hall on April 21

my enquiring gaze, but at the side of the house, which proved to be partially demolished, I found an open doorway, and a window on the second floor showed lace curtains behind cracked panes, a saucepan on the sill, and a baby's vest drying in the sunshine. A narrow passage led to some stairs covered thickly with bird-droppings that had fallen through the broken roof, and the steps were very slippery. Suddenly a woman's voice shouted down, "*Si la dame veut monter!*" Obediently the lady "mounted," clinging gingerly to the rickety railing. In two rooms, occupied by one large bed, one roaring stove, three small children and a lovely, dark-eyed woman, I found the man we were looking for—in the bed. He was a good boy and dressed amazingly quickly. It is true that his night attire had much in common with what went under his uniform.

Even so, there was not the slightest hint of staleness or fever in the air of those two rooms. The children were clean, though they were ragged, and the woman's thick, blue-black curls shone glossily. Down in the alley below, an old gramophone started up: one of those clumsy box things with a megaphone attachment. The tune sounded strangely familiar.

A crowd was waiting round the door when we came down and escorted us to the ambulance, where, at last, a *sergent de ville* had come to the rescue, and as we walked towards it, the familiar tune blared out triumphantly. It was a British song-hit, dating from the Boer War, *Très Cher*, and we drove from the *Marché aux Puces* to the martial strains of . . . "The Soldiers of the Queen"!

PRISCILLA.



Bertram Park

THE PRINCESS IRÈNE BOGDAN OF RUMANIA

The Princess's mother, the late Baroness Hélène de Muzsa, was a Hungarian; and her uncle Court Councillor in the days when the Emperor Franz Josef ruled the dual Monarchy. The Princess Irène is well known in both London and Parisian society

HOLLYWOOD QUARTETTE



DIANA LEWIS, WHO HAS RECENTLY BECOME
MRS. WILLIAM POWELL



OLYMPE BRADNA,
FRENCH STARLET



SUSAN HAYWARD, WHO WAS IN "BEAU GESTE"

The four young lovelies on this page are all up and coming in the film world. Diana Lewis, who hit the headlines recently by her marriage to William Powell, has been put down for a featured part in pop-eyed comedian Eddie Cantor's next film, to be called *Forty Little Mothers*. Olympe Bradna, who hails from France, made her Hollywood name in *Souls at Sea* with Gary Cooper, who was star also of Susan Hayward's first film, *Beau Geste*, which repeated the success of the silent version of Wren's classic over here last year. Olympe Bradna was last seen in *Say It in French*, in which she played opposite that popular young man, Ray Milland. Her next



PATRICIA MORISON, STAR OF "UNTAMED"

appearance is to be with Pat O'Brien and Ronald Young in *Night of Nights*, which is expected in London within the next month or so. Patricia Morison, who sprang to fame in *Persons in Hiding*, was also in *The Magnificent Fraud*, which was released in January, and has just finished *Untamed*, in which Ray Milland is also starred



Stuart

A GROUP OF R.A.F. PHOTOGRAPHIC EXPERTS

After the vogue for big-game hunting with a camera has come war, the hunting of even bigger game, also with a camera. And both pastimes call for a very high degree of steady courage, for the enemy is liable to reply most rudely to the snapshotter. Seriously though, it is a most important and dangerous task that the photographers are regularly performing, and published extracts from their "albums" show both the risks they are prepared to run in search of information and the skill with which they get their picture, in contrast to the pre-war fake photographs Germany is lading out

In this group are: (l. to r., standing) P./O.s E. R. Jones-Humphreys, J. E. Archbald, W. Yonge, A. May, R. L. Tomlinson, F. A. Fyfe, M.C., J. Eston, J. M. Blake; (seated) F./O. G. H. Rogers, Flt.-Lieut. B. T. Hood, Flt.-Lieut. J. H. Hagon, Sq.-Leader L. Edwards, Sq.-Leader F. Sturgiss, Flt.-Lieut. W. H. Dunton, Flt.-Lieut. H. Cavendish, 2nd Lieut. R. C. Moles, F./O. J. N. Young

Miniatures.

THAT small Saunders-Roe flying-boat is one of the most attractive aircraft I have seen for a long time. It is a four-engined aeroplane, and it carries two people, the pilot and one passenger. It seems to me to be the perfect toy, for it handles well and has a good turn of speed. But its real purpose is preparation for the building of a very large-size Transatlantic flying-boat which was planned by the Company before the war. Whether that large machine will ever be built now is open to question, but the method of using flying scale-models for technical development purposes is established, and will spread.

Saunders-Roe are not the first people to use the method; but they are probably the first to use it so thoroughly and for a flying-boat. The French and the Americans have both used flying-models, and have shown how useful they can be. The special point about them is that they prevent mistakes in the control surfaces. We have had quite a lot of aircraft recently in which the control surfaces have been found to be wrong after the machines have been put into production. With the model to show the way, such faults would be almost entirely eliminated and it could be guaranteed that the first full-scale machine would be right. The consequence is that production could be started at an earlier date than when a long jump has to be taken between the wind-tunnel model and the full-scale machine.

Doll's House.

The little "Saro" flying-boat is the big one seen through the wrong end of a telescope. It is almost exactly like it. When I went down to look at it, there was a sort of competition to find it a name. People could not bear to see such an attractive little machine going about without a name. Following the "Saro London" and the "Saro Lerwick," someone suggested the "Saro Lilliput."

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

Another proposal was the "Saro Doll's House"; another the "Little Giant"; another the "Saro Mannequin."

The big machine which was projected would carry about thirty passengers and might weigh anything up to fifty tons. So it would be bigger than any existing flying-boat. The

greater is the pity that the work never went through, but that the war came to interrupt it. It may be, however, that this company will reap the benefits from its enterprise, for I cannot see the need for large-size flying-boats becoming any less as the war goes on. In any event, the use of scale models which can be flown is going to be extensively developed.

Curiosity.

It is extremely interesting to hear Royal Air Force pilots giving accounts of their exploits over the wireless, and one must commend the B.B.C. for its enterprise in this respect. It is, however, rather curious that the newspapers are still not allowed to give direct interviews with these pilots. They have to take their stuff second-hand—through the hair-sieve of the Air Ministry—or else years after the event. The talk on the B.B.C. is surely the equivalent of the interview by the newspaper. If one is allowed by the Service, the other ought to be.

Black-out Blues

At an aircraft factory the other day I was told of the effects on the work-people when fine weather came—momentarily at least—and it was possible to open doors and windows and let in light and air. The result was electric. The men began to sing and to do about three times the work that they had been doing in an equal time under black-out conditions. No doubt about it, the black-out should be soft-pedalled as much as is possible with safety.

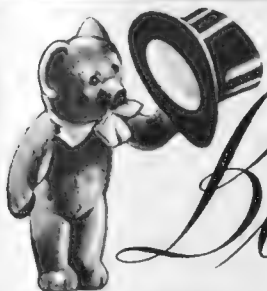


Lafayette

THE REVEREND J. R. WALKER, C.B.E. Chaplain-in-Chief to the R.A.F. since 1933, the Reverend James Rowland Walker is to retire next month at the age of sixty, after twenty-nine years as a chaplain with the Forces. Mr. Walker, who is an Honorary Chaplain to the King, was in his younger days a fine all-round athlete. At Christ's, Cambridge, he rowed for three years in college boat, was two years in the athletic team, and won a Rugger Blue in 1902

Thoughts on things generally

In a world upset by so many "upsettling" people, it may seem selfish to think of lovely things to wear—but, bless your heart, it's human! Even in these changed days it's nice to know that the utter loveliness, the sheer silken feel of Bear Brand stockings can still be enjoyed. And (redeeming thought); they really are the most economical form of extravagance obtainable. In fact many women place them firmly under the heading of "absolute necessities" for maintaining the feminine morale.



Bear Brand

Silk Luxury Stockings

3'/11 · 4'/11 · 5'/11 · 6'/11



Dorothy Wilding

MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE, WHO
IS IN "SKYLARK," IN NEW YORK

Gertrude Lawrence's latest American success, *Skylark*, is at the Morosco Theatre, and is the play in which she commenced her tour of the States last year. There is hardly any English actress whose absence from the London stage is more felt, and she has been away from us for too long. We still naturally retain our memories of her brilliant performances with Noel Coward in that group of plays in the programme which was renamed *To-night* at 8.30, at the Phoenix

THE sergeant had twenty recruits lined up for fatigue duty. They were not as energetic as the sergeant thought they should be; so he tried to cure them.

"I've got a nice easy job for the laziest man present. Will the laziest man raise his right hand?"

Nineteen men raised their right hands.

"Why don't you raise your hand with the rest?" inquired the sergeant of the remaining one.

"Too much trouble," was the reply.

* * *

For sale: Charming retreat situated on mountain: Wonderful views outside, narrow-minded views inside. Extensive alterations to be executed by R.A.F. Surrounded by snow-capped peaks, but owner finds it too hot for him. Price: £10,000,000, or will exchange for safety razor or suitable disguise. Apply: Adolf, Berchtesgaden.

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

A motorist, who had a fifty-gallon tank of petrol in reserve when rationing was introduced, consulted a friend as to what to do about it.

"Bury it, my dear fellow," was the reply.

Accordingly, he gave his gardener instructions next day to dig a hole for it in a secluded spot.

After a time the gardener returned.

"I've buried the petrol," he said. "What do you want done with the tank?"

* * *

A man asked the gorgeously uniformed door-keeper outside a cinema what the show inside was like.

"Rotten," was the reply.

"Thanks for the tip; but if the manager heard you say that you'd get the sack."

"I've!"

* * *

On Monday, the 11th September, the air-raid alarm was sounded at Aldershot. One week after war had been declared, the reservists who had joined up full of enthusiasm, were doing nothing but scavenging work, picking up leaves, etc.

Passing the dug-out during the air-raid, a voice from the darkness was heard to remark: "Hope to heaven Hitler doesn't bomb us with ten million leaflets, or we'll never get it cleaned up."

* * *

The A.R.P. worker was trying on tin-hats, but could not seem to get one to fit him.

"What is your size?" he was asked.

"Eight and a quarter."

"It's not a tin-hat you want," said his chief, "but an air-raid shelter."

* * *

A woman was having trouble in finding a seat in the train when a porter approached.

"Here, lady," he suggested, "it's too full here. Come with me and I'll fix you up in front of the train."

"Indeed you won't!" she exclaimed indignantly. "I'm no mascot!"

* * *

Private Jones had been in the Army a week, when the sergeant asked:

"What do you think of the Army so far?"

"I may like it after a while," he replied, "but just now I think there's too much drilling and fussing about between meals."

* * *

A motorist whose car had got stuck in a muddy hole in a lonely country lane, hired a villager with horse and cart to pull him out. He gave the man a pound note and asked: "Does this kind of thing happen very often?"

"Aye," the man replied. "You're the fifth to-day."

"The fifth! Good heavens—that must have kept you busy. I suppose you'll have to do your ordinary work at night, then?"

"Aye, mister. I mostly does my ord'nary work o' nights."

"Really! What's your usual job, then?"

"Fetching water to fill this 'ere 'ole!"



Cannons of Hollywood

MISS IRIS ASHLEY

Who is now singing at the Lansdowne Restaurant, was induced to come back in consequence of the boom in wartime restaurant entertainment. Miss Ashley, in private life Mrs. John Knowles, is a cousin of Lord Iddesleigh, and is now working with John Millar, who has appeared with Jack Hylton, and has been "on the air"



"Who is she?"

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fortunate gulls—to be on such very friendly terms
with so very lovely a lady, so gay in her new spring
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militaire, in a wool and angora cloth which is not
only warm and light, but exceptionally attractive.

HERSHELLE models are sold by the better shops and stores everywhere. For the name of
your nearest retailer write to H. Bornstein Ltd., Great Titchfield Street, London, W.1.



J. Dixon-Scott, F.R.P.S.

"AND VILLAGES ENBOSOMED SOFT IN TREES"

The awakening of spring brings to mind that peculiarly precious heritage of ours, the English village, of which this photograph of Wherwell, in Hampshire, shows so exquisite an example. For those who seek the lesser lanes, our green and pleasant land provides many of these gems of humble architecture perfectly set in a leafy frame

Petrol-Tank Warning.

A GRAVE warning to the half-million or so motorists who have laid up their cars during the present quarter is issued by *The Motor*. It appears that Pool petrol, if left in the tank for a longish period, tends to deposit gummy compounds which pre-war brands of fuel did not possess, or, at any rate, were offset by the introduction of a gum inhibitor. This gummy deposit comes adrift from the sides of the tank when the engine is started up after a long interval, and, passing along with the petrol, clogs the feed-pipes, carburettor jets, fuel pump, and even the pistons and valves of the engine. The experts state that under no circumstances should an engine be started up until this gummy deposit has been removed. One way of eliminating it is to boil the tank in caustic soda, which will mean removing it.

Restarting After Three Months.

The conscientious owner who laid up his car, and squirted lubricating oil into the cylinders to prevent oxydisation of the walls, may have some difficulty in restarting it after this long rest. Oil smoke will probably pour out of the exhaust, and the plugs soot-up in consequence. Having laid up one of my cars for the first quarter, I was not surprised when it failed to start the other day. The battery was in good condition, for I had taken the precaution of having it recharged every three weeks. The plugs were perfectly clean, for I had not injected oil into the cylinders, and yet I could not get the smallest hiccup out of the engine. Eventually I found that the platinum points on the contact-breaker were not separating. One needs a special spanner for adjusting the points and, of course, it was missing from the kit. Well, do you know, I tried a dozen garages and shops before I could buy that simple little tool. And then, at a cycle-accessory shop I discovered a nest of them, eight in all, designed

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

to fit any kind of contact-breaker point. The fact that there were eight different sizes for such a small part showed that we are still a long way from attaining standardisation in the matter of our electrical equipment, which seems a pity.

Cheating the Petrol Ration.

The other day a friend of mine was offered some spare petrol-ration sheets. But as he's a chap who thinks we should play fair in this war, he refused them. The man who offered the rations was not in the motor trade, nor was he even a friend of my friend. And when asked how he'd acquired the rations, he merely smiled.

Thinking the thing over, it seemed to me that it would be quite possible for people or groups who, in any given period, do not use their full ration, to dispose of them, instead of returning them to the Petrol Controller at the end of the period. For instance, a man might have ten gallons'-worth of rations which he had not consumed by the end of the month. What is to prevent him from handing them in to an easy-going garage which books but does not deliver them to him? The result of the deal is that the garage has ten gallons more in its tanks than are shown in its accounts. That petrol could be sold to the original owner or someone else, without coupons, at a later date. Of course, the garage man is supposed to fill in on the coupon the registration number of the car supplied, but I have yet to find one who complies with this formality. And even if he did, has the petrol-controlling staff the time to check up on the transaction? W. G. McM.



MRS. J. H. WALFORD AND LORD BERNERS

A picture taken when the Old Berks met at Faringdon House, Lord Berners' seat, one fine hunting morn. Mrs. Walford is the wife of Major J. H. Walford, and is deputising for her husband the M.F.H.



They also serve . . .



Let us now revise a famous line: "They also serve who only smile and wait." For a ready smile in a difficult hour is like a glowing hearth upon a bitter day—it warms all who come within its radiance. But for all of us there come moments when the fire of courage burns low, the smile is difficult to raise. Then should you reflect that this island race (so often in dire trouble), long ago devised for its comfort and sustenance . . . good beer. And of good beer, that traditional brew which we call Worthington, comes closest to our hearts. Say, then, "two Worthingtons", and you will set two smiles aspreading once again . . . to warm yourselves and others on your road.

SLEEPING - DRAUGHT

By
FRANK KING

DOCTOR MICHAEL KENT was back at work again after six months in hospital. Six months, during five of which his life had hung on the slenderest of threads, while anxious colleagues fought a desperate battle against death. Michael Kent knew that it would have been better if they had lost that battle, if the thread had snapped. He was young yet—only just forty. He had an extensive Dockland practice in Seaharbour. His patients thought the world of him. But there was nothing for him to live for now that Doreen had gone.

His own injuries had been severe. His left leg was two inches shorter than his right, and his dark, handsome face bore permanent scars. A fractured skull had healed, but the long period of unconsciousness had left its mark on brain and character. He was listless and inert, lacking interest in anything.

It had been two months before they could tell him that his young bride had been killed in the car smash. They had been full of sympathy, had tried to break the news with the utmost gentleness. Everyone knew how he adored Doreen, how much she meant to him. But no one besides Michael Kent himself knew that he was responsible for her death. He had been careless. He had taken a risk. He had murdered her.

Doreen! So young, so lovely, so happy. They had both been radiant when they set off for that honeymoon which was to have been so wonderful. His arm had stolen round her slim waist. He had looked into her glowing eyes. In sheer exultation he had pressed down the accelerator until the car flew like a magic carpet, carrying them to their hearts' desire. He had taken a corner too wide, seen the lorry too late. . . .

He saw it again every night. The physicians had advised him to continue with the sleeping-draughts which had brought him some rest in hospital. But he wouldn't take them; he couldn't go on doping himself indefinitely. Every night he lay in bed, dripping with perspiration, fists clenched until finger-nails cut into wet palms, while the car he was driving hurled Doreen to her death.

For two weeks he had been back at work, going through the processes of diagnosis and prescription like a soulless automaton. Neither births nor deaths could rouse the faintest flicker of emotion in him. Patients saw the change, and thought it only natural; time would bring him peace and forgetfulness. They could not suspect that he shrank from their rough sympathy, feeling the brand of Cain upon him.

To-night he was sitting in the room which he and Doreen had furnished with such loving care. There was a book upon his knee, but he was not reading. The supper-tray which his housekeeper had brought in some time ago stood untouched on a table beside him. His mind was blank, empty. On the fringe of it lurked the dread of going up to bed.

The telephone in the hall shrilled sharply. It neither startled nor stimulated him. Putting aside the book, he rose and walked slowly to the instrument, listened to the distraught voice that came over the wire.

"Yes," he said. "I'll come at once."

It was a night of wind and rain. The public-houses had closed long ago, and the streets of dockland were deserted as Michael Kent limped past the black, silent warehouses that fringed the quay. Queer that he should be so unconcerned about this call. Old Mrs. Tasker had been one of his first patients; and she must be dying, or Mary wouldn't have sounded so agitated on the 'phone. Yet all he was conscious of was a vague kind of relief that he needn't go to bed just yet.

He knew the Taskers well. Old Sam Tasker had been drowned at sea, and his widow had worked like a Trojan to bring up their boy. Young Jimmy had been a bit of a handful—until he married Mary. Everyone had prophesied disaster for him. The marriage itself was an impulsive, hot-headed affair; Jimmy hadn't even the prospect of a job when he took Mary home and told his mother they'd just come from the Register Office. But it turned out well—probably because of Mary's sterling qualities. Jimmy steadied up and found work in the office of a warehouse. His wife kept the little home spick and span, and saw to it that the old lady took life more easily. The three of them were completely happy together.

And now it seemed that the young folks were to be left alone. Michael hadn't seen old Mrs. Tasker for nearly a year, but he knew how bad her heart was. He'd warned both Jimmy and Mary that it might give out at any time. He wondered whether the fact that he couldn't help the invalid in any way accounted for his lack of interest in the passing of an old friend.

He came to the big block of flats, climbed the concrete stairs and knocked on a door. Mary opened it.

"I'm sorry to call you out so late, Doctor," she said hurriedly. "But—well, mother's bad."

She was slim and lovely. Michael saw fear in her grey eyes. He nodded, accompanying her into the living-room. This looked cold and bare, and he realised at once that much of the furniture had gone.

"Will you come straight through?" asked Mary, opening one of the bedroom doors. He followed her in. Unlike the living-room, this was warm and comfortable, with cheerful curtains and bright cretonne coverings to the chairs. Approaching the bed, he stood looking down at the patient.

Mrs. Tasker was dying. Already the lines of care were smoothing out of her tired old face. Her eyes were closed, her breathing shallow. Although he knew that it was useless, Michael gave her a stimulant injection. After a while, she opened her eyes, and smiled faintly as she recognised him.

"I heard you were back, Doctor. A lot of people will be glad. We all—love you." Her face twitched a little. "Where's Jimmy? Send him in to me."

"Yes, we'll send him in," said Michael.

"There isn't much time, is there? I want to—touch him before I go. Poor boy! He's tried so hard. If only I knew he'd got a steady job I'd die happy."

"We'll send him in," repeated Michael. "Try to rest now."

He limped back to the living-room. Mary turned a white face to him. "Is she—"

He nodded. "About an hour."

"Oh, God! And Jimmy—"

"Where is he?"

"He—he's out."

"Can I fetch him?"

"I don't know. I don't see how—" Mary suddenly buried trembling features in her hands. "Oh, what shall I do? What can I do?"

It wasn't like her to break in this way. She was usually so calm and competent. Michael spoke some words of conventional sympathy, words which both sounded and were empty, meaningless. But Mary had known him before tragedy laid an icy hand on his heart. To her he was a friend. And soon, in broken phrases, the pitiful story came out.

Jimmy had lost his job with the Aleph Produce Company. It was through no fault of his own. He'd discovered that certain employees were adulterating some of the goods handled, and when he mentioned this to the manager, was sacked on the spot. For three months he'd tramped around in a vain search for work, gradually growing more bitter. They'd tried to keep the news from Mrs. Tasker, but she'd learned the truth and had worried about it. Their scanty savings had gone. Everything in the home except the barest necessities had been sold. And when, a few days ago, Mary had admitted to Jimmy that she was going to have a baby, he had given up the hopeless struggle.

He would make the Aleph Produce Company pay. They were responsible for all the trouble. He knew his way about the warehouse, knew that on certain nights large sums of money were kept in the safe in the office. He could get in. He could open that safe. He wouldn't take a lot—just enough to keep their heads above water for a while.

"I tried to stop him," whispered Mary. Her white face was tense, rigid. "But he wouldn't listen to me. He went out about an hour ago. He'll be there now. Oh, Doctor! Could you find him? He might take notice of you. At least, you could tell him—about his mother."

Michael picked up his hat. "I'll see what I can do," he said.

Silly young fool! Jimmy Tasker had made a rare mess of things. He ought to know that, after a burglary of this

(Continued on page ii)

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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION BY M.E. BROOKE



"COLOUR," and what Pringle's have achieved with it, will be printed in large letters when the story of fashion during this war comes to be written. The neatness and the flattering lines of their pullovers and cardigans are without rivals. A toll is levied on the best pure Indian cashmere and angora for their fashioning. A trio of their specialities is pictured above. On the left is a set that has been described as of lace, the jumper has short sleeves and the cardigan long. Pure Indian cashmere makes the pullover on the right; it buttons down the front, has a watch pocket and short sleeves. The decorative bolero in the centre is of angora. If unable to obtain these knitwear garments at the local shop, write to Robert Pringle & Sons, of Hawick

SPRING has arrived, and in the shops may be seen the Bernella frocks created by J. Cowen & Co., 1 Berners Street, who will gladly send the name and address of their nearest agent. On the right is a Bernella model expressed in tartan gingham; it has a swing skirt and is trimmed with white Marcella collar and cuffs. Naturally, there are many variations on this theme. Very effective are the frocks carried out in duster check gingham; the pocket, belt and sleeves are of a plain colour. It is Cuban canvas which makes the dress on the left; this is available in many attractive colours all of which wash and wear extremely well



Pictures by Blake

R Rich man poor man...

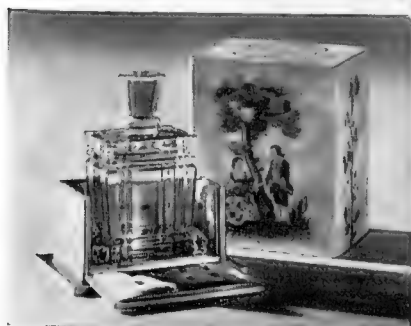
MEN may be apostles of cold reason in their dealings with men. With women their senses take command.

That is why the wise woman chooses her perfume with such care, and wears it always.

She knows that perfume speaks a language no logic can—or need—explain.

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Fine perfume alone can change mere physical beauty into warm, pulsating desirable Life. That is why, all down the ages, they have sought out rare fragrances, choicest and most costly of the parfumeur's art.

In the luxurious world of today, Coty create perfumes more rare and lovely than any of antiquity. And of all Coty perfumes, there is none more thrillingly alluring than Le Vertige. As shown on the left, this glorious perfume costs 22/6. There are, of course, many other sizes.

Coty
LE VERTIGE
The Ideal Gift

Sleeping Draught—(Continued from page 398)

nature the police always go first for any discharged employees. He hadn't a chance of getting away with it. Death wasn't the only trouble Mary would have to face. A baby—and its father in prison. . . .

Somehow the thought stung. There was a trace of animation in Michael Kent's dark scarred features as he limped along, buffeted by the wind. It was no business of his, of course, and it would all be the same in a hundred years. But if he could get hold of Jimmy, it might make things easier for Mary—and the mother who was dying.

He found himself hurrying as he approached the warehouse of the Aleph Produce Company. A figure suddenly materialized from the darkness of a doorway.

"Now then? What do you think you're . . . Oh, Doctor Kent! Sorry, sir. Hope I didn't startle you. Just coming back from a call, I suppose?"

"Yes." Michael recognized Detective-Sergeant Blakey, and a quick fear sprang up in him. "Expecting something to happen here, Sergeant?"

"More or less. There's a burglar in that warehouse across the way. The constable on the beat saw a light flashing a little while ago, and rang headquarters. The boys have got all the exits covered except the river. Just waiting for the patrol launch to come along so that we can be sure our man doesn't jump out of a window on that side. Then we're going in after him."

"Oh!" said Michael. "Well, good luck to you."

He limped away. So this was the end of Jimmy Tasker. A pity. Still, there was nothing he could do about it.

But in a moment he stopped short. A glint of excitement showed in his eyes as he gazed round into the darkness of the apparently deserted street. Perhaps there was a way he could help Jimmy. It might be worth trying. The noise of the wind would prevent the police hearing anything.

Hurrying on again, he entered a telephone call box, found the number of the Aleph Produce Company and dialled. Jimmy wouldn't answer the call, of course; but if the bell went on ringing, he'd probably lift the receiver to stop it.

It seemed that the monotonous ting-ting of the bell at the other end would go on for ever. Suddenly it ceased; and Michael knew that Jimmy would be holding the receiver to his ear, trying to find out the nature of the call.

"Jimmy!" he said tensely. "This is Doctor Kent speaking. I

know you're there, so it's no use trying to fool me. You mustn't think it's a trap or anything of that kind. It's very important—a matter of life or death. You must answer me, Jimmy—at once. There's no time to waste."

After a momentary pause, a voice whispered over the wire.

"What is it, doctor?"

"Listen carefully. You're in a jam. The police know there's someone in that warehouse, and they've got it surrounded. They're waiting for a boat to cut off any escape by the river, then they're coming in after you. There's just one chance. Have you got the safe open?"

"Yes. But—"

"Put the money back. Make sure you've left no finger-prints. Then dive into the river. Swim downstream for a while. The police launch will come the other way. And listen, Jimmy. You mustn't try to get home. There are lots of plain-clothes men about, and if they happen to catch a glimpse of you, see that you're wet through, they'll guess what's happened. Get out on the south side of the river and come straight to my house. I'll be waiting there for you. Understand?"

"Yes, sir. I'll do as you say."

Michael left the call box and hurried homewards. On the bridge he halted to look round, but could see no sign of movement near the warehouses, hear no sound of an alarm. He was conscious of a vague thrill of satisfaction. Queer. He hadn't felt like this since—

He was startled to find a dripping figure waiting for him just inside the gate. "Heavens, you've been quick, Jimmy!" he exclaimed. He glanced at the young fellow sharply. "Did you put the money back?"

"I'd already done that, sir." Jimmy Tasker hung his head. "I'd closed the safe again, and was just going to leave when the phone rang. You see, when it came to the point, I—well, I just couldn't carry on. Everything had gone all right, but as soon as I saw the money I knew I daren't touch it. We—we're going to have a baby, sir, and it suddenly came to me that the little chap mustn't have a criminal for a father."

"What Mary thought about it didn't trouble you, evidently."

"I know, sir. I've been a fool. But it'll never happen again. I swear it!"

"That's fine." Michael led the way into the house. "Get out of those wet clothes. As quick as you can."

"I can't reckon up why you've—"

"Your mother's dying. She wants to see you. But there's something

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must do first. Although you've managed to get away, the police'll make inquiries. The fact that you used to work for the Aleph Produce Company will lead them to you. We've got to provide you with a good alibi." Michael hurried out of the room, returning in a few moments with a bundle of clothes. "Put this uniform on. Remember that I engaged you this afternoon. Your mother was taken ill tonight. You came for me about an hour ago, found that I was out on another call, and waited for me. Got that?"

"Yes, sir. I'll never be able to thank——"

"Forget it. Hurry up."

In a very short time Doctor Michael Kent was limping towards the Aleph Produce Company's warehouse, accompanied by a tall figure in chauffeur's uniform. Lights were flashing inside the building. Detective-Sergeant Blakey stood on the pavement, watching. He swung round as the two figures approached.

"Who's that—why, hello, Doctor! You off again?"

"Yes," said Michael. "Found another call waiting for me when I got home. A dog's life, isn't it? Caught your burglar?"

"No," Blakey spat disgustedly. "He must have got out on the other side before the boat came along. But I've a pretty good idea——" He suddenly recognized Michael's companion. "Jimmy Tasker, isn't it? Hardly knew you in that rig-out. What are you doing in these parts?"

"I've just been for the doctor."

"You'd come this way, I suppose? I didn't see you pass."

"It was about an hour ago. I had to wait because he was out."

"Oh." The detective ran a hand over Jimmy's coat. "How long have you been working?"

"Doctor Kent started me on this afternoon."

"Hard luck, isn't it," added Michael, "that his mother should be taken bad the same night? Come on, Jimmy. We must hurry."

Blakey's eyes were puzzled as he watched them disappear in the darkness. But Mary Tasker's glowed when she opened the door to the little flat.

"Go in, Jimmy," she whispered. "You're only just in time."

Michael accompanied the young fellow to the bedroom. He saw the joy in the mother's face as Jimmy held her in his arms.

"Jimmy's got a steady job, Mrs. Tasker," said. "From now on he's going to work for me."

"God bless you, doctor!" The glazing eyes smiled up at him. "Then nothing else matters."

Later, as he lay in bed, Michael Kent considered if there were any justification for what he had done. Old Mrs. Tasker had died happy—but perhaps the value of that was merely sentimental. He felt fairly sure that Jimmy Tasker would go straight in the future. Still, he'd burgled that warehouse and should take his punishment. It was a good citizen's duty to help the police. Had any one the right to make his own judgments and act accordingly—even to help such a fine girl as Mary?

Michael was surprised to find that he grew quite heated in arguing the matter out with himself. He had reached no conclusion when he fell asleep.

He saw the lorry again, of course; heard Doreen's startled cry as the car crashed into it. But when he awoke, sweating and trembling, it was already broad daylight. To his intense amazement he realized that, for the first time in six months, he had had several hours of dreamless sleep.

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Only daughter of Brigadier-General and Mrs. Wallace Wright, of Westways Farm, Chobham, Surrey, whose engagement is announced to Mr. Peter William Dunning-White, Auxiliary Air Force, elder son of the late Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Dunning-White, of The Wintons, Bushey Heath, Herts.

engagement is announced between Mr. Richard Maxwell Deas, Royal Artillery, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Charlton Deas, of Humbledon View, Sunderland, and Miss Renee Mary Blanc, of 14 Comiston Drive, Edinburgh, elder daughter of Mr. F. E. Blanc, F.R.I.A.S., and the late Mrs. Blanc; Second Lieutenant James Birkmyre Rowan, Royal Artillery, eldest son of Captain and Mrs. Rowan, of Troon, Ayrshire, and Miss Eva Grace Elsie Hill, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney E. Hill, of 7 Arthur Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham; Mr. Evelyn L. N. Sturt, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Sturt, of Perceval Ave., Hampstead, and the Hon. Penelope Ann Mills, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Hilling-

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

April Wedding.

The marriage will take place on Wednesday, April 3, at Chelsea Old Church, between Lady Rose Paget and the Hon. John McLaren.

Today Week's Wedding.

The marriage will take place next Wednesday at St. Mary's Church, Reading, between Mr. Tristram Guy Hammett Kirkwood, Royal Engineers, youngest son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Richard Hammett Kirkwood, and of Mrs. Richard Kirkwood, of Burghfield, Berkshire, and Miss Margaret Elizabeth Montagu-Brown, only daughter of the late Mr. Frederick Montagu-Brown, of Edale, Derbyshire, and of Mrs. Montagu-Brown, of Kentons, Reading.

Recently Engaged.

The en-



Dorothy Wilding

MR. A. M. LAMB AND MISS A. R. PHILIPSON

Whose engagement is announced. Miss Anne Rosemary Philipson is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hilton Philipson, of 62 Green Street, and Limberlosy, Ditchling, Sussex, and Mr. Anthony Melbourne Lamb is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Lamb, of Park Farm, Henfield, Sussex

don; Flying Officer Patrick Claude Hannay, Auxiliary Air Force, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Hannay, of Villa Solidor, Dinard, and Miss Pixie Pease, only daughter of Sir Richard and Lady Pease, of Prior House, Richmond, Yorkshire; Mr. Michael Black Matheson, 11th Sikh Regiment, Delhi, son of Captain and Mrs. J. B. Matheson, of Durra-side, St. Anthony, Manaccan, Cornwall, and Miss Dorothea Tweedie, daughter of Admiral Sir Hugh and Lady Tweedie, of Wraxall, Somerset; Mr. Ronald Steel, younger son of the late Mr. Henry Steel and Mrs. Steel, of Wilsic Hall, Doncaster, and Miss Frances Coke, elder daughter of Brigadier-General and Mrs. D'Ewes Coke, of Trusley, and St. Alban's Priory, Wallingford; Mr. Francis Nicholas Paget Osborne, Grenadier Guards, only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Osborne, formerly of Smithstown, Co. Meath, and Miss Ruby Ellen Young, only daughter of Mrs. D. M. Young, of 169 Queen's Gate, S.W.7; Mr. James Henderson Stewart, M.P., of Birchwood House, Woldingham, Surrey, and Miss Anna Margaret Greenwell, daughter of the late Sir Bernard Greenwell, of Marden Park, Godstone, and of Anna, Lady Greenwell; Lieutenant Kenneth B. Langdon, 4th Battalion (Wilde's) Frontier Force Rifles, second son of Engineer Lieut.-Gen. J. B. Langdon, R.N., and Mrs. Langdon, of Plymouth, and Miss Mary E. Somerville Cotton, only daughter of the Rev. J. F. and Mrs. Cotton, of Northallerton



Catherine Bell

MISS ANGELA AKERS-DOUGLAS

Daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. George and Mrs. Akers-Douglas, of Colebrook Park, Tonbridge, Kent, whose engagement is announced to Lieutenant Douglas Shankland, R.N.V.R., son of Mr. Andrew Shankland, of 3 Bristol Court, Brighton, and the late Mrs. Shankland



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neighbours that they must restrain their dogs. It is largely carelessness that leads to this promiscuous breeding, and also, if you have not much imagination and live in a remote village, you do not realize the war. Nor apparently do many people who live in towns! This breeding of mongrels entails a good deal of cruelty. The bitch puppies are not wanted and are given to people who equally do not want them, and have a poor life. It is time it was stopped!

The great "Spitz" family is spread all over the north. There are several divisions, but they are all distinguished by prick ears, curly tails and thick weather-resisting coats. Samoyeds, Chows, Elkhounds, Keeshonds and Finsk Spets all belong to this family, also the Huskies and various other northern sleigh and hunting dogs. They are a very old type, one of the oldest, and their remains have been discovered many thousand years old. The type has varied very little, and they must have had hardy constitutions to have survived. They make excellent house dogs, as they are naturally clean in the house. One of the most attractive is the Keeshond. We owe his introduction to this country to Mrs. Wingfield Digby, who still has one of the foremost kennels. The photograph is of Ch. Simonious van Zaandam, winner of ten challenge

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

The Kennel Club has issued a recommendation that the breeding of puppies should practically cease. We shall all, I hope, obey this mandate. There will be few pedigree dogs bred; but the great army of mongrel bitches will still be there, probably breeding unchecked. In this connexion we can all do our bit, and point out to our village

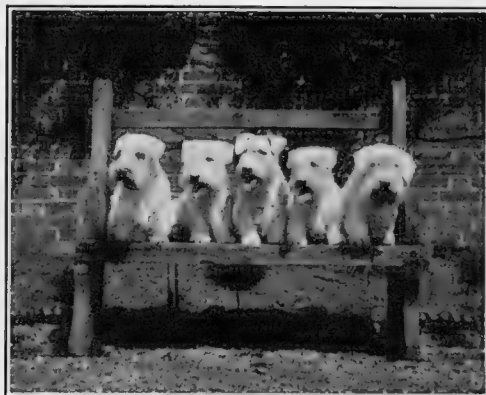
certificates. Mrs. Digby maintains there is no companion like the Keeshond and hers go everywhere with her. The kennel is marking time in hope of happier days. Simonious is, of course, home bred, as are all Mrs. Digby's winners.

The Sealyham was not known in England till 1910, though, of course, he had been well known in Wales before that; the modern show Sealyham, however, is some way away from his Welsh ancestor. Anyway, he is a handsome little dog, and extremely popular for show and as a companion. One sees more Sealyhams in the country than any other breed, except perhaps Cocker. The Misses Verrall have a well-known kennel; the photograph is of five stud dogs. Ch. Wireless, in the middle, is twelve years old and has won the Veteran Class at Cheltenham five times running. The Misses Verrall had a trying time in the late cold weather, but managed to get through all right.



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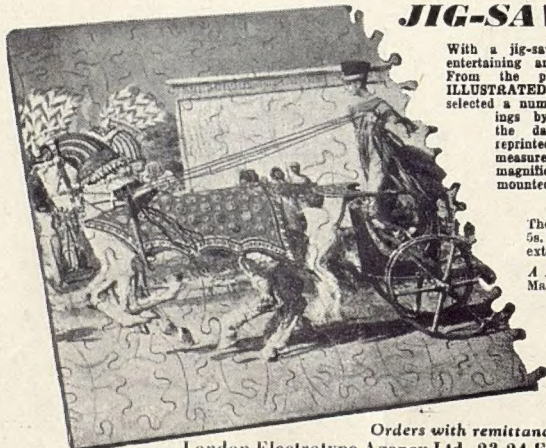
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